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Current Comments

Mr. Baldwin and the Coal Crisis

OUTSIDE of the ranks of the Communists it is universally recognized that the coal subsidy is economically indefensible. On the other hand, there is a good deal of doubt as to whether or not it was strategically justified. This, therefore, is the only aspect of the question upon which at the moment we propose to offer any comment. In April last, writing upon Mr. Baldwin's action in regard to the Trade Union Political Levy Bill, we said :—

> Many of the labour leaders have lost no time in dissipating any such hopes as may have been entertained by the more sanguine apostles of goodwill. Some of them have hailed Mr. Baldwin's memorable speech as a confession of fear or defeat. Others, generous enough to recognize its spirit, have made it clear that their goodwill can only be gained by the concession of all their demands for nationalization and the rest.
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> Even on the part of those Conservatives, therefore, who felt nothing but admiration for Mr. Baldwin's moving and eloquent appeal for a great national effort to supersede class and sectional suspicion and strife by mutual recognition of our common troubles and a frankly fraternal spirit of give and take, there has been naturally a strong undercurrent of disappointment, and fear that his appeal, with its consequent delay in a reform to which the whole party is pledged, will fail completely in its object. It would be hard to escape this conclusion but for one factor, without which, indeed, we believe it would be fully justified. That solitary factor is Mr. Baldwin himself and his quite extraordinary power, revealed in this instance to a greater degree than ever before, of impressing the whole nation, irrespective of class or party, with his single-minded devotion to the supreme interests of the country, and his determination to secure these, if possible, by inspiring all its best elements to a common effort for its salvation.
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> He has, moreover, pledged himself to the even more drastic reform of the trade union constitutions than was contemplated by the Macquisten Bill, should the unions fail to reform themselves. The questions of the strike ballot, "peaceful" picketing, the immunity of union funds from ordinary legal obligations of contract, and the still greater question of the threatened attempt to paralyze the country and Government by combined action of the leading unions, must all be faced before that "peace in our time," for which Mr. Baldwin pleaded, is possible.
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> In his present attitude we discern no sign that he will fail in courage if obstinate and short-sighted counsels prevail in the union executives, and it becomes necessary for Parliament to act within the life of the present Government. On the contrary, we believe that the country can accept Mr. Baldwin's declaration as an assurance that if, unhappily, this

necessity should arise, it will be met with resolute determination to remove, once and for all, those vicious defects in our industrial organization which threaten its very life.

Many may still ask, what has Mr. Baldwin gained by a mere "gesture," and postponement of the issue by perhaps a year or more?

Mr. Baldwin, for all we know, may have as little faith as most people in the possibility of reaching the hearts or the intelligence of some of those Labour leaders who, for the moment, seem to have the ear of the rank and file, merely by an appeal to their patriotism or their reason. But he evidently has a profound faith in the essential common sense and sound patriotic instincts of the great mass of the workers of this country. He is convinced that, if the day should come when the working men and women who constitute the majority of the electorate have to choose between such a sane counsel as he would offer them, and the wild, disastrous adventures to which they would be urged by many of their leaders, such a large proportion will make the right choice that the nation will come safely through the crisis. We hope and believe that Mr. Baldwin's judgment is sound, and it is undeniable that by his action on the political levy he has immensely increased his power, so as to turn the scales against the advance of Syndicalism, Communism, and Revolution. The day may well come when cheers for Baldwin will drown the "Red Flag," and this will be because the workers will feel instinctively that he is just an honest, friendly Englishman to whom the interests of his country come before all.

With but little alteration these words might be applied to the coal settlement. Would they still be justified? Upon the answer to that question will depend the continuance of Mr. Baldwin's leadership of the Conservative Party. The benevolence and high purpose of his motives were never in doubt, but a clear grasp of realities and resolute action are even more imperatively necessary. If resolution is not so far apparent, it is well to remember that a general is entitled both to choose his ground for action and the moment for revealing his plans. In our view a settlement, not of the coal problem alone, but of all the industrial troubles which threaten our very existence, will not be reached by purely pacific means. We believe that an ultimate trial of strength between the forces of order and disorder cannot possibly be averted and that, indeed, until these opposing elements have fought it out equilibrium will not be restored.

If there were any reason to suppose that Mr. Baldwin thinks otherwise, we should not hesitate to condemn him as that most dangerous of leaders, well-intentioned, idealistic perhaps, but mistaken. What then could excuse his decision not to accept battle at the challenge of Mr. Cook? He has stated his reasons, or some of them, and Sir William Joynson Hicks was even more explicit:—

There was something worse than a threatened coal stoppage. There was the threatened stoppage on the railways. There was the order of the

railwaymen's union not to move any coal after last night. That would have deprived every household of coal while the dispute was going on, and every factory in the land would have had to close down within two or three weeks. Business would have been paralysed because of orders issued from the leaders of that trade union. That was the position the Government had to face.

It is undoubtedly true that the country would have risked a general strike with the most serious consequences. It seems likely that Mr. Baldwin, better able than his critics to realize the unpreparedness of the Government to meet such a menace, was justified in deciding to temporize; the more so if he intends to devote the time gained to perfecting an organization which will enable him with certainty to defeat the next attack, and at less cost than would have been incurred by fighting now—plus the expense of the coal subsidy. If this, indeed, was his deliberate choice and intention he was probably right, and certainly justified, in his decision.

The question remains, however, how far the Government can plead excuse for their unpreparedness. On this count we hold that they must be condemned, and no individual Minister can escape his share of collective responsibility, notwithstanding that the executive responsibility for ensuring public safety was departmental. It has, unfortunately, become a habit in this country rather to fail in taking the most necessary measure of precaution than to run the risk of "provoking" the most dangerous enemy, and, moreover, to maintain an absurd and timid secrecy about such measures if, in fact, they are contemplated.

In 1921, when the country was similarly threatened with a transport strike, the public was relieved to discover that really effective counter-measures had been taken, and a volunteer transport service organized, under which a census of every available motor-lorry and car had been made, together with drivers, mechanics, organizers, etc. Full powers were delegated to the local chiefs to commandeer vehicles. A motor service under armed guards was quickly mobilized, sufficient to carry on the distribution of necessary supplies throughout the country and so to paralyse the power of the strikers.

It is notorious, as was only to be expected, that the Labour Government of last year deliberately allowed this organization to lapse. It is equally notorious that at the beginning of this year the present Government expected

the coal and other labour troubles to come to a head in May. Why, therefore, did they take no steps to meet it? And why in June last did they circulate an inspired statement in the Press that they had "overhauled" all the "machinery" to meet such a contingency as had occurred during the railway strike of 1919 and the miners' strike in 1921? They had, in fact, done nothing of the kind, and we venture to suggest that if less attention had been devoted to such trumpery matters as night clubs and imported jazz bands, time might have been found to deal with the more vital interests of the country, and the Government might have been spared from the humiliating confession of impotence in face of national danger. In our July number, a month before the "surrender," we wrote:—

The "necessary combination of circumstances" is certainly too close for comfortable contemplation. "England is now the chief task of the Communist Internationale," declared Zinovieff at last year's International Congress: "we must create a left flank of trade unions." That is the task Mr. A. J. Cook has apparently taken upon his shoulders. His "Big Five" of this left flank consist of Mr. Herbert Smith (President, Miners' Federation), Mr. Ernest Bevin (Transport and General Workers' Union), Mr. Frank Smith (Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades), Mr. A. G. Walkden (Railway Clerks' Association), and himself. In addition, secret negotiations have proceeded with Mr. C. T. Cramp, of the National Union of Railwaymen, Mr. J. T. Brownlie, of the A.E.U. (who controls the electricians in power-stations, gas, and water), and Mr. Bromley, of the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engineers. It is evident that if the miners could compose their differences with the railwaymen, and bring out the transport unions, electricians, gasmen, and dockers, a very serious situation would arise. Trains, tubes, motor-omnibuses, trams, electric light, gas, and coal would simultaneously vanish. There is no need to emphasize the resultant situation, and the very critical condition of things certain to ensue unless the Government were in a position to cope with such a strike at once, and by no half-measures. It would mean a fight to the death, and failure to grasp the situation firmly would mean much more than the downfall of the Government. It would mean the collapse of the State.

No one can deny that such a contingency is possible, and while the economic aspect of the question demands the earnest attention of the Government the country will also look to the Cabinet to take every precaution in advance to see that a sudden general strike should not find the nation unprepared.

It is to be hoped that both the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Transport will have their arrangements complete, for it is an open secret that after 1921 the organization was allowed practically to lapse. In 1925 it is by no means so easy to collect the personnel as it was in 1921, comparatively soon after the war. Skilled lorry-drivers and mechanics are difficult to find. It would be so easy to paralyse industry by a collective strike when all the skilled workers are mobilized under one or another trade union, that a Government department for strike prevention under modern conditions is in effect a defensive arm, and should never be unprepared to function.

A week or two later the Government began to make eleventh-hour efforts to re-create an organization, but it was already too late, and we are reluctantly constrained to take them at their word as to the necessity of temporising.

Not only were personnel and vehicles lacking, but we have reason to believe that the available stocks of petrol were quite inadequate.

The nation may, perhaps, be excused if it does not rouse itself from its lethargy until it is actually overtaken by disaster, on the not unreasonable ground that it trusts to the Government as the passengers in a ship entrust their safety to its captain; but it is as impossible to acquit the Government of blame as it would be to exonerate a ship's captain who ran his vessel at full steam on the rocks in a fog. It is painfully evident that the Cabinet need the same stimulus of actual and imminent danger to awake them to the urgency of precautionary measures, and public confidence, which has been badly shaken, will only be restored if these are now taken without further hesitation or delay. Mr. Baldwin has earned the respect of all parties in a quite exceptional degree, and, short of a dictator chosen to restore order out of chaos, there is no man to whom the country would so wholeheartedly give support in a determined effort to free it from the nightmare of anarchy by which it is threatened. If he will take his courage in both hands and rely both upon the staunchness of that section of his countrymen whom the emissaries of Moscow openly boast they intend to destroy, and upon that vast majority of our sensible working class who know him for a true friend and an honest Englishman, he will retrieve a situation which would have finished the political career of a lesser man, whether attributable to the laxity of subordinates or not. Mr. Baldwin has consistently and patiently proved his sincere preference for the *suaviter in modo*. The enemies of the State may mistake this for weakness. We venture to predict that they will find him the better armed if they drive him to the only alternative of the *fortiter in re*.

But the sands are running out. Before next spring the nation will expect to be assured that, whatever the cost, the powers of Government shall not pass to the trade unions.

THE burden of legislative interference with industry has in recent years become so top heavy that it must break down of its own weight. As one lie leads to another, so, at the bidding of the sentimental theorists and vote-catchers, the illusion factory which we call Parliament has piled up futile attempts to defeat economic law, and has produced a condition of affairs as remote from first principles as the Wonderland of Alice. We are breeding, supporting, and pampering the unfit. We are creating hordes of undisciplined work-shy parasites and throwing an intolerable burden on the hard-working, productive, and only useful section of our people who are robbed of their earnings to provide the means for ever more extravagant Government expenditure. The cost of living is enhanced by the under-production resulting both from the deliberate policy of the trade unions and the facilities created by "humanitarian" and "social reform" legislation for living at the expense of the community.

The Function of Government

The chief, we had almost said the only, function of government is to maintain order within the prescribed limits of a code of law securing to each individual his rights of property and the fruits of his own labour, with due regard to the equal rights of his fellow citizens. We are still in England supposed to prefer this conception of government to the only alternative of socialism. In fact, however, we have slipped half way down the slope of socialism. But no half way compromise is possible. The social system of individualism cannot function successfully if it is partially paralysed by the creeping disease of socialism. If it is not to succumb to the disease, it must throw it off and revert to the simple, honest rule of reward according to deserts. The power of the trade unions to blackmail the community by extorting an undue share of the national income and imposing artificial restrictions on production and conditions of work, must be broken. We have no quarrel with the original aspirations of the unions which were harmless and justifiable. But industrial prosperity cannot be maintained in any country in which trade unions are:

1. Above the law, as they have been in England since the Trades Disputes Act of 1906.

2. Able to prevent free trade in labour, by "peaceful," or other means.

3. Permitted by "sympathetic" strikes to paralyse vital public services.

4. Permitted to manipulate ballots and to exact virtually compulsory levies applied by a handful of self-seeking careerists to political purposes.

It may be that since Governments are now more inclined to follow than to lead public opinion, and that public opinion seems to need increasingly severe shocks to rouse it to clear perception of realities, the catastrophe of a general strike will be necessary to bring the nation to the point of facing the problem. We have, indeed, gone so far on the wrong road that assuredly it will be no easy matter to retrace our steps. But only courage is wanting. The warrants of justice and necessity are beyond dispute, and there is another of which no member of the Conservative Party should need to be reminded. *It is that the party was elected, with an unprecedented majority, to effect the reform of these very abuses.*

In the coming session the electors in the constituencies who gave the party that majority will expect some sign that election promises will be redeemed.

A National Insurance Policy.

In the light of recent events it can hardly be necessary again to urge the importance of reorganizing without delay the volunteer "defensive arm" so effective in 1921. The organization should, of course, embrace transport and all vital public utility services, such as electricity, gas, and water. We would, however, earnestly beg the Government to abandon the childish and contemptible delusion that it should be secret. After such a long period of humiliating compromise, or surrender to the bluster and threats of the mis-leaders of Labour, it may be surprising that there should remain any considerable body of Englishmen of spirit. But we firmly believe not only that a large army of "black-coated" freemen are ready to resist any threat of enslavement by the agents of Moscow, but that the vast majority in the ranks of British Labour are only waiting for a lead to throw off the yoke of these alien-inspired wreckers. The time has come when it is the duty of the responsible leaders of the nation to declare that those who are not its friends are its enemies. The willingness or otherwise of able-bodied men to enrol themselves in such an organization, prepared to defend

the nation in all emergencies, whether threatening from without or within, would be a test to separate the sheep from the goats. Secrecy and mystery are un-English and unnecessary. They imply fear and anxiety lest the organization should not be strong enough. We are confident, on the contrary, both that the response would be adequate, and that its moral effect would paralyse the energies of the agitators who lately have had some excuse for believing that they were omnipotent. A national body of this kind, openly organized in the light of day, would provide a natural outlet for the energies now increasingly showing themselves in various private movements credited with somewhat similar objects, but unlikely in the event of sudden emergency to possess either the strength, the powers of co-ordination, or the public confidence, to be really effective. It would be well for Englishmen, too many of whom are ignorant of their country's history, and who are prone to imagine that the immutable order of the Universe is that presently prevailing in Wigan or Walham Green, occasionally to look a little farther afield. Not long ago the French counterparts of Mr. A. J. Cook and his friends foolishly announced that things were about to happen in the city of Lille, and they succeeded in creating quite a little excitement. Within forty-eight hours, however, a thousand or more citizens of Lille and the neighbourhood, for the most part lusty young men of good fighting weight, spontaneously enrolled themselves in defence of the community. It is believed that many of them were sadly disappointed at being denied the pleasure of throwing a few Communists into the river or otherwise rendering them incapable of further mischief, for the anarchist is no sportsman, and is, indeed, marvellously mobile in face of real risk to his own skin. For the assassination of individuals some more or less demented creature can always be found to risk his own life, but it would never be a Lenin or his "humble follower," Mr. Cook.

There are still doubtless many somnolent people in this country who will regard such views as we have expressed above as shockingly provocative. It would be easy to fill a number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW with evidence that they are well founded upon an actual and imminent danger, as most of our readers well know. When Mr. Cook, after his "victory," openly states that

he—"wants a revolution with a disciplined army," and Mr. Ayres, the delegate of the British Communists, tells a trade union meeting in Moscow that: "We are fully convinced that we shall only succeed in hoisting the Red Flag in Britain by putting guns into the hands of British workmen. Already thousands of young Communists are ready to replace the old trade unionists," and Mr. Wheatley demands a "Workers' Defence Corps of ten million men, prepared to suffer rather than see Britain made a land of coolies"—it should be obvious to the most complacent optimist that Providence may tire of helping those who refuse to help themselves.

Reds in Government Offices.

It may be gathered from interviews and other expressions of opinion, that the official Socialist Party entertains no great affection for the Communist Party. It even affects to despise the members led by Mr. Inkpen, although it has been compelled to remove the ban it imposed a year ago to exclude Communists from its organization and meetings. Nevertheless the Communist section contrive, like grit in the bearings of machinery, to make their presence felt. Mr. Inkpen has recently addressed a request (which may prove in due course to be an order) to the Socialist Party and the Trades Union Congress executives, that a campaign to stir up mutiny in the Navy and Army as a prelude to a class war and revolution in this country should be proceeded with. Fortunately the troops at Aldershot have treated Communist literature with the respect it deserves, by making a bonfire of it. In conjunction with all this misplaced activity sight should not be lost of even more insidious subterranean intrigues going on in the Civil Service. To paralyse the vast bureaucratic machine in the event of a general strike is the avowed aim of the Reds. It is known that the most powerful of the staff organizations in the Civil Service are either affiliated with the Labour Party or are in active sympathy with it, and among the leaders some at least hold extremist views. It was only the other day revealed that these trade unions within the Civil Service took part in the conference summoned by the Trades Union Congress to effect a stoppage of work in the event of the miners striking, and the manner in which these same Civil Service staff organizations have viciously assailed

the ex-service men, who will have nothing to do with them and their works, affords further proof of their real aims. In other words, the Reds are busy undermining the Civil Service, which includes the police force, as well as the fighting services, and it is high time that the Government, who are never tired of saying they will stand no nonsense from Bolsheviks, should clear them out of Whitehall. Surely the taxpayer is entitled to expect that his Civil Service is free from revolutionary organizations and subversive propaganda.

Un-"Worthy."

It is difficult to have patience with a cabinet minister, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, who, while admitting that it would have been wrong to give way to threats of a general strike and "to buy temporary peace," if the action of the trade unions had been "revolutionary," asserted that he did not believe it was "anything of the sort," and that it was merely due to a "genuine fear that if wages were reduced for the miners they would be reduced for the railwaymen," etc. etc. So (on the principle of collective Cabinet responsibility) here we find the Government actually condoning the crime of a general strike. Provided only that the burglar really believes that some of your money should be in his pocket, and has to knock you on the head to get it, killing is no murder! Such feeble reasoning and shaky morality hardly suggest that a successful city career in the legal sphere of company promoting is sufficient qualification for directing the destinies of the Army, especially at a moment when desperate efforts are being made to undermine its loyalty, upon which within a year or two the safety of the country may largely depend.

But when, further, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, denying that the Government gave way to the extremists because they were unprepared to carry on the public services in a period of general strike, asserts: "We were as prepared as any government could be," he is convicted of culpable ignorance of vital facts which it is his duty as a minister to know.

Erin Go Broke!

Our predictions on former occasions that the Irish Free State would ultimately founder in bankruptcy and find salvation as some sort of Crown Colony have excited certain scribes in Dublin to violent tirades against our "prejudice."

But surely it is possible to consider figures apart from politics like an accountant who, with equal detachment, presents to a client a statement of affairs disclosing alternatively a handsome profit, or dire insolvency (unless, perchance, in the latter case his fee should still figure amongst the liabilities). We have recently perused the trade returns of the Free State without being able to discover any reason for doubting that it is steadily sinking to insolvency. The only question of interest in regard to that incalculable country as to which we have any doubt is—for how long can the filing of the petition be postponed?

It is hardly conceivable that a new loan of several millions can be floated to finance the absurd Shannon scheme. It is equally difficult to believe that the Germans will finance it themselves. The banks are disillusioned and out of humour with the Government. American interest has cooled. The League of Nations can hardly be invoked. The time is approaching when realities must be faced, and they will be very unpleasant.

At a moment when the national finances might be expected to absorb the whole and anxious attention of the Government, Mr. Cosgrave chooses to perpetrate a thoroughly Irish piece of "codology" by announcing that in future a separate medical council for the Free State will supersede the British Medical Council. He declares "that an important profession within the Free State should have its centre of gravity and disciplinary headquarters in another country is so incompatible with our constitutional status that we must be prepared to face whatever minor and temporary disadvantages may accrue from the ending of that arrangement."

Could anything more completely demonstrate Irish incapacity to distinguish between the substance and the shadow? Trinity is, of course, up in arms, and the only result of this absurd playing to the political gallery can be to destroy the Irish medical profession, as such, and to drive the better class of Irish students to qualify abroad. Under the existing system Trinity College, Dublin, was able to give the British Medical licence, and, besides native Irish students, it attracted students from all over the world desiring to qualify for the British degree. A purely Free State qualification will have little or no value outside of Ireland, and when the quality and

prestige of the Dublin teaching have consequentially declined, Irish doctors will be at a discount even at home, unless the Government impose a stiff tariff on "foreigners" from Great Britain.

Mr. Macdonald's Two Voices

If unity of definite purpose in the Conservative Party would appear to be lacking, in inverse ratio to its big majority, the Opposition is in no better case. Labour is hopelessly divided. Some sections have lectured Mr. Baldwin for giving way to the extremists and for resorting to the unsound expedient of a subsidy. Others shower compliments upon him, while the extremists, who have all the driving power, hail his "surrender" as a "victory," and the beginning of the end of Capitalism. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald surpassed himself by expressing both views within the space of two or three days. He naturally hates the Communists, and fears that their boasted success will still further weaken his own very shaky position. His first voice was probably the more sincere. His second,—the result of fear—weak trimming in a futile attempt to please all the elements in the heterogeneous ranks of Labour.

The Sinking Ship

Mr. J. M. Keynes, undoubtedly one of the "best brains" of Liberalism, has launched an attack on the return to the gold standard to which he ingeniously attributed the greater part of our industrial and unemployment problems. He has merely succeeded in convincing a good many more people that, with all his ability as a special pleader, his knowledge of the question is more academic than practical. The temporary difficulties of readjustment, already passing, have not shaken the confidence of the bankers and financiers in the solid advantages of parity.

In the sphere of pure politics Mr. Keynes, on his own admission, is equally out of his depth, as may be judged from his address to the Liberal summer school at Cambridge, reproduced in two numbers of *The Nation*, under the plaintive title "Am I a Liberal?" It is not only evident that Mr. Keynes does not know, a matter that concerns mainly himself, but that he is not at all sure what Liberalism is, or if it can still be said to exist at all.

After admitting that "the historic party questions of the nineteenth century are as dead as last week's mutton,"

that Conservatism is a well-defined entity, with a right wing of diehards, and that Labour is also a well-defined entity, with a left of catastrophists, likely in the end to dominate the right, he asked:

"Is there room for anything between? Should not each of us here decide whether we consider ourselves to be 'the best type' of Conservative Free Traders or 'the best type' of Socialistic Reformers, and have done with it? Perhaps that is how we shall end."

The last distinguishing mark of Liberalism to disappear will be the assumption of superiority. In Liberal currency "the best type," or "some of us," are interchangeable terms, a sort of intellectual gold standard to which only Liberals can aspire. But Mr. Keynes must have sadly shaken the complacency of many honest Liberals by the recital of his philosophic doubts, and hastened the day when they will realize that in the troublous times ahead black or white must win, with grey nowhere.

Light on Foreign Affairs

M. BRIAND'S visit to London resulted in his complete agreement with Mr. Austen Chamberlain upon the reply to the German Note. So far, so good, but it is time to warn the public not to be disappointed if the same rate of apparently rapid progress is not maintained when all the parties come to grips on the details.

We are able to present our readers this month with a number of illuminating articles on Foreign Affairs, closely affecting British interests, each written by an expert with first-hand knowledge. No one writes on China with greater authority than Mr. J. O. P. Bland. Of the articles on the Moroccan War, the Danzig Corridor, and the rebellion in Syria, we may say that in each case it is only the highly responsible position of the writer which precludes the publication of his name. The Franco-Spanish operations in Morocco, and the French position in Syria, might have swift and serious repercussions upon our interests in Africa, Egypt, Palestine, and India. Danzig and the Polish problem on Germany's Eastern frontier and Alsace on her Western frontier are two of the danger zones in which some day a spark may ignite a blaze big enough to destroy in a few hours the flimsy scaffolding of the Genevan Palace of Peace.

The French Debt

At the time of writing (August 25) we are only able to express the confident hope that M. Caillaux will not have left London without either having made an acceptable offer of settlement, or, at least, having substantially reduced the margin of difference between the two Treasuries. Anxious as our own Government properly is to secure a settlement, M. Caillaux and his colleagues are no less impressed with the importance and the advantage to France of a prompt and honourable conclusion of the negotiations, and we shall be surprised if the offer of £10,000,000 made by the French delegates a month ago has not been increased. There is room for a good deal of bargaining as to the proportion of the payments to be unconditional, and of those to be contingent upon French receipts under the Dawes Scheme. M. Caillaux naturally wishes to clear the way for a settlement with America, and he is bound to take into account the fact that whatever sum he offers to Great Britain will be equally the minimum basis of liquidation of the French debt to America. It is possible that no final settlement will have been reached before M. Caillaux returns to Paris, but that a basis of understanding having been agreed, he will proceed with the negotiations in America, thus fortified by British support.

M. Painlevé has significantly reminded his countrymen that an honourable nation cannot expect to exercise complete independence in the direction of its foreign policy as long as its debts remain unsatisfied. In her settlement with Belgium, America has shown little disposition to relax her counting-house attitude, and remains unmoved by the charge, based upon her repudiation of Mr. Wilson's undertaking that Belgian repayments should be contingent upon German reparations, that of all belligerent nations only two have broken their pledged word, Germany and America.

In October we shall publish "Parnell and After," by Mr. William O'Brien; "Schlomé the Fighter," a story by M. Georges Clémenceau; "What is Implied in the Term Canadian," by Sir Robert Falconer, K.C.M.G., President, University of Toronto.

The Real Coal Problem

By E. T. Good

We must solve our coal problem or perish as an industrial nation. We depend, and must long depend, upon coal as our main source of manufacturing power, as our chief cargo material, and as the prime factor in balancing our food imports. The problem can almost be summed up in one word, output. *On the present basis of output*, if the miners are to draw a good wage, coal is too costly for competitive trade, whilst if we are to have reasonably cheap coal, their wages must be below the datum line of contentment. It is almost entirely a matter of production per unit of labour and capital. It is not a question of wage per man, but of wage cost per ton. A small output per man-shift cannot carry high pay and yield cheap coal at the same time. We have, therefore, to address ourselves to the task of getting a good output per man. The facts are plain and indisputable. Here is a little table which may be said to put the British coal problem in a nutshell :—

British Coal Production per Mine Worker per Working Shift.

1883 (with poor mechanical appliances)	25 cwts.
1903 (with better appliances)	23 ,,
1913 (with still better appliances)	21 ,,
1923 (with still more improved appliances)	18 ,,

Even in the period between 1914 and 1924 the number of our mechanical coal cutters has been doubled; the number of mechanical conveyors has been quadrupled; there have been great electrical power and light and related developments; hundreds of old and difficult seams have been abandoned; and scores of new and magnificently equipped collieries have been opened out; but instead of an increased output per unit of labour, we have actually had a decline from about 21 cwts. per man-shift to less than 18 cwts.

Whilst our labour policy remains what it is all the costly machinery that may be put down, and all the reports of all the committees and commissions of inquiry, will be sheer waste. Indeed, reports which declare that the current depression in the coal trade is not due to factors under the control of either miners or their em-

ployers, but is attributable to external circumstances, are worse than waste. They are untrue and mischievous. Our coal trade is depressed because we have, since the war, driven customers and would-be customers away with our high costs, our low output, our strikes and threats of strikes. We have caused some of our old customers to ransack the world for oil. We have prompted some of them to go in extensively for electrical schemes. We have stimulated some of them to dig in their own countries for coal. We have now to demonstrate that we can once more produce and ship our coal at competitive prices or go down in the commercial contest. Let the facts be faced fairly and squarely. Here is another little table :—

AVERAGE DIRECT PIT LABOUR COSTS OF COAL PRODUCTION IN ROUND FIGURES.

Great Britain	13s. 6d. per ton.
United States	9s. ,,
Germany	7s. 6d. ,,

In Germany they get cheap coal by means of low wages. In the United States they get cheap coal by means of big output.

UNITED STATES PRODUCTION PER MINE WORKER PER WORKING SHIFT.

1883	30 cwts.
1903	40 ,,
1913	60 ,,
1923	80 ,,

We cannot do all they do in America in the matter of output per unit of labour, for our natural conditions are not so good, just as European Continental conditions are not so favourable as ours; but we might at least do half as much as the Americans in this matter. That would solve our problem. United States miners have recently been earning wages averaging £8 a week, against a British average of £2 15s., yet the pithead cost of American coal is barely half as high as the cost of our material.

We can stand a disparity between our productive costs and those of foreign countries for two reasons. One is that our coal is of superior quality. The other is that our mines are much nearer points of consumption or shipment than are foreign mines, so that we have very little to pay in rail rates. Most of our export coal can be carried from the pit to the ship for rail charges ranging

from 2s. to 4s. per ton. It costs our United States competitors from 6s. to 8s. a ton to carry their coal from pits to ports. It costs our German competitors 8s. to carry a ton of coal from the nearest colliery district to Hamburg. The combined rail and ship freights on British coal to Hamburg are less than the rail cost from the Ruhr to that German port.

Again, we can carry coal from British mines to such points as Quebec and Montreal at a less cost than United States coal can be conveyed to those Canadian cities. Canada needs to import nearly 20,000,000 tons of coal a year. There is a fiscal Preference for British coal in Canada. The situation of the United States mines is such, and the construction of Canadian railways is such (the lines were built to promote trade between East and West and West and East, and not for trade between North and South) that we could have the bulk of the Dominion coal business, to the immense benefit of our shipping, if only we would produce with economy. As a matter of fact, we permit the Americans to do over 90 per cent. of the trade. Our geographical and shipping advantages, and the Preference we are offered, are neutralized, and more than neutralized, by our uneconomical methods of production.

In the vast Republics of Latin America, at practically all Continental importing points, in the Indian Ocean and several of the African coaling stations we could secure a practical monopoly of the coal trade if only we would produce with economy, and regularity. Incidentally, we could revive many of our manufacturing industries, such as those of iron and steel, and thereby greatly increase the home demand for coal, if only we would reasonably cheapen this material. We can stand dearer coal at the pit than our competitors can—because we hold geographical and other advantages. We can stand a pit labour cost some 30 or 40 per cent. higher than the German cost, but a labour charge some 70 or 80 per cent. higher will and can spell nothing but deeper trade depression and more severe unemployment.

Why is our coal output so small, per unit of labour and capital, that even with moderate, if not low, wages the cost is too high? Why a heavy decline in production per man employed when, with improved machinery, there

should have been an increase? It is not due, as often alleged, to deeper and more difficult mining conditions. These conditions have been fully balanced by the mechanical improvements. Cutting and conveying and hauling machinery, drainage, lights and ventilation, shot-firing, general comfort and safety are all greatly improved as contrasted with fifty, or thirty, or even fifteen years ago. Why, then, the present deplorable economic condition of the British coal trade? It is due to mistaken trade unionism, plus silly legislation.

We have arrived at a stage in our development where trade unionism will have to be checked if we are to save ourselves from ruin. Indeed, British trade unionism is now staffed by officials whose deliberate intention is to cause enough trade depression, unemployment, and discontent, to drive the nation, in despair or otherwise, to a bastard form of Socialism—to smash what they call Capitalism. These officials do not want the workers to be well employed, well paid, well fed—under the existing system of private enterprise which has so wonderfully developed industry in the past. They are striving for revolution. They calculate that by constantly throwing grit in the industrial machine, by slow-timing work, by making things costly and scarce, by dislocating trade by big and frequent strikes, they will eventually cause the machine to break down completely. And in their dastardly work these agitators are aided and abetted by vote-catching, flaccid politicians.

Since 1842 we have had an almost constant succession of laws, rules, and regulations made by Government, chiefly with a view to promoting safety. Until recent years safety was the only consideration. Well and good. No one complains nowadays about real safety laws or their cost. The coalowners have spent much money and time in scientific research with a view to reducing dangers. Altofts and Eskmeals are monuments to the humanity of those who are denounced by agitators as soulless, brutal parasites. Within sixty years the British mining accident death-rate has been reduced by 60 per cent.—under Capitalism and the laws of "Capitalistic" governments. Coalowners, managers, engineers, and scientists have worked wonders, silently, and Parliament has required the worst employers to

come up to the standards set by the best employers. Most of the good work, by the way, was done in the last century, before the Socialists came on the stage.

Within the last twenty years or so our mining labour laws have become something more than safety measures. They have become serious handicaps on industry and trade. The Eight Hours, the Seven Hours, and the Minimum Wage Acts have done damage which few people realize or even pause to consider.

Before we had the eight hours law our men did not work an average of eight-hours a day, or forty-eight per week, but there was elasticity, freedom to operate the pits according to natural conditions and trade requirements. For example, mines producing mainly for the domestic coal market could work extra hours or shifts in the winter, when demand was brisk, and fewer hours or shifts in the summer, when trade was slack. The men earned extra money in the winter, and had extra time for gardening or sport in the summer. Customers were supplied at the most convenient time, and coal did not have to be heavily stocked, at considerable expense, and to deteriorate, as is now the case. Similarly, collieries working mainly on account of the Baltic trade could operate extra in the summer, and go easy in the winter, when Baltic navigation was blocked by ice. Again, when and where coal-producers worked four or five comparatively long days per week, with extended week-ends off for play or allotment cultivation, there was ample time for repairs, etc., at the week-ends, without extra pay rates for the Sundays. There was freedom and economy. Since the daily hours of labour have been strictly limited the conditions have changed badly.

When the Eight Hours Bill was before Parliament as a Government measure the Minister in Charge, Mr. Churchill, with the approval of the miners' representatives, definitely promised that if the Bill became an Act the miners would work three shifts per day; that that would bring an increased output per man and a decreased cost per ton; that there would be a great increase of safety; and that the workers would be far more contented. All the promises were absolutely falsified. The Bill became an Act under false pretences. The miners

refused to work the multiple-shift system. Where the employers tried to enforce it, there were strikes. From many pits in Northumberland not a ton of coal was drawn for sixteen weeks. It was stoutly declared that the three-shift system for hewers, plus the double-shift for transit hands, meant the workers leaving home and returning home at nearly all hours of the day and night; that the women would never have done the work of preparing separate meals and changes of clothing; that they would not be able to look after their children properly; and that the entire health of the mining community would suffer. And even to-day, with a Seven Hours Act, many of the collieries only operate two shifts per day, and many more only work a single shift. Costly plant and machines stand idle most of their time, and charges per ton of coal are seriously inflated to the loss alike of the owners, the miners, and the coal consumers.

But that is not all. The rush and disorganization caused by the Eight Hours Act resulted in an alarming increase of accidents. For many years, for many decades, there had been such a steady increase of safety that only four miners per working day, out of nearly a million employed, lost their lives at work. It was a remarkable record. Mining was only one-fifth as dangerous as seafaring. But in the first full year under the new law there was an average of six deaths per day—an increase of 50 per cent.

In the next place, the piecework coal-getters found that in many cases their earning time was restricted. They had either to work an extra turn per week or suffer a wage reduction. There was very soon a new wage agitation that led up to the first national coal strike. Then Parliament, in another moment of weakness, and in profound ignorance of industrial economics, carried the Mines Minimum Wage Act. That struck a blow at payment by results, and there was a further drop in the output per unit of labour. To meet the new conditions created by the Eight Hours Act of 1908, and the Minimum Wage Act of 1910, the owners tried more new and expensive machinery. But the idea of "ca'canny" had been so successfully inspired by the agitators, that in spite

of all the efforts of owners, engineers, and scientists, the man-shift production has continued to go down until, for the period of 1919–24, it has barely exceeded an average of four tons per man-week. Obviously such a meagre output will not yield high wages and cheap coal concurrently. When the Seven Hours Act was recommended we were assured that the miners would produce as much coal in seven as they had previously been getting in eight hours. Experience was ignored. We have seen what we have seen—reduced production, inflated costs, loss of trade, growth of unemployment. Such is the price of continual Government surrenders to Socialistic trade unionism.

In the last few years before the war our iron, steel, and related industries were adversely affected by dear fuel, caused largely through trade union and Parliamentary policy. Nevertheless, soon after the war, not to mention the actual war period, the politicians pandered more than ever to the Socialist agitators. Facts were not faced. Plain talk was not fashionable. Whilst pretending to "control" the coal trade the Government so permitted the production to go down that we could not supply our foreign customers with more than about one-third the pre-war quantity of exports, and for that reduced tonnage the Government charged such fantastic prices that the customers were disgusted, and set about trying to render themselves less dependent upon our coal. In 1920, when Continental Europe was famishing for coal, owing to the war-time damages to mines, we only exported 25,000,000 tons of coal, against 73,000,000 tons in 1913. Then in 1921 the Government suddenly withdrew its control six months before the appointed time. That action provoked chaos and another huge strike, from the effects of which our trade has not yet recovered. The labour agitators, of course, do not intend trade to recover if they can help it, and the nation ought to realize that in all these agitators say and do they are inspired by the idea of killing private enterprise. They never negotiate with employers or Government with a view to industrial peace and prosperity. The Government of this country will not be able to stand on its dignity, and neither the nation in

general, nor working miners in particular will be able to have their rights until such mischief-makers as A. J. Cook are deprived of power and influence. Above all, it ought to be made a criminal offence to broadcast publicly false statements about industry for the purpose of misleading any section of the public or the workers. The vast bulk of our troubles may be traced directly to false agitation.

Here are a few examples of the falsity alluded to: When miners' wages were at the pinnacle Mr. Frank Hodges, then secretary of the Miners' Federation, told an Albert Hall meeting, and through the Press the nation, that coal for which householders paid 2s. 6d. per cwt. was "produced—brought to the pit top"—by the miners for 2s. 6d. per *ton*. At that time the pithead cost, averaged over all the coal—good, bad, and indifferent—was only fractionally less than 40s. a ton, of which very nearly 30s. was for miners' wages. At one period of the war, when miners' wages alone absorbed 18s. per ton, Mr. Smillie wrote in the public Press that the total cost of production was only 9s. Mr. Snowden has lately told the country that mining royalties on coal and ore amount to more than the wages of the men who make our steel. The truth is that upon all the coal and ore consumed in the British iron, steel, engineering, and shipbuilding group of industries, the royalties amount to only £2,250,000 a year, which is bare compensation for land occupied and damaged by the mining companies, whilst the annual wage bill in this group is at least £150,000,000. Mr. Cook, the present secretary of the Miners' Federation by a minority vote, has recently declared that in ten years the colliery owners have had £300,000,000 in profits, and that the royalty owners have had £400,000,000 out of the industry. Such are the lies that provoke false ideas and policies, class-bitternesses, and cause strikes, "ca'canny," and political moves that damage our trade and intensify unemployment. Surely it is time public liars were punished.

It is time also that trade unions were brought under the common law of the land, made responsible and punishable for breaches of contract and damage to business. The politicians who lifted trade unions—or, to

be precise, trade union agitators—above the law have been responsible for intimidations, tyranny, industrial dislocations, and loss of trade beyond calculation.

Then there is the fraudulent and farcical trade union ballot. Trade unions are now so important in the economy of industry, commerce, and national affairs generally, that the trade union vote ought to be as secret, and its counting as honest, as the Parliamentary Franchise. But there is neither secrecy nor honesty about Miners' Federation votes. If the ballots are not taken in the branches, attended by only small minorities, chiefly of the wild men, they are taken at the pithead under the surveillance of the pit union official, and men who dare vote against the "official" policy are made extremely uncomfortable.

The Miners' Federation vote on nationalization stands out as a striking example of trade union dishonesty, and it is worth recalling at a moment when the agitators are reviving their nationalization movement. Four separate questions were put on the ballot papers, and only a single yes or no was allowed to cover the lot. A miner was not allowed to vote against nationalization, against becoming a State servant, without by the same mark voting against higher wages, against reduced hours, and against "justice for discharged soldiers." On that faked ballot the leaders conducted a raging, tearing propaganda. Two years after the ballot no less a leader than Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, M.P., admitted in a Press article (*South Wales News*) that the Federation did not know whether the working miners desired nationalization or not, or whether, indeed, the men understood the meaning of nationalization. Such is modern British trade unionism. Such is the current "labour" movement. Such is the great coal problem.

The solution of the coal problem—which means largely the solution of our shipping, our employment, and our trade balances problems—lies in a bigger and cheaper output per unit of labour, and this may be brought about by reversion to the eight-hour day, with the adoption of the three-shift system, or the entire abolition of silly restrictions on the work of grown men. An eight-hour day for five days a week, with the three-shift system,

would be far better than the present seven-hour day, on the one or two-shift plan. This system is a proved failure. We are more subjected to foreign competition than any other nation. We are far more dependent on coal exports to pay for food imports than any other nation, yet we alone among the nations carry a Seven Hours' Law, and we permit more trade union restrictions on hours, on shifts, on overtime, than any other nation. Before our trade can revive and our workers prosper we shall have to return to the old idea of a fair day's work. Men and nations thrive on hard work. They decay on indolence. We are suffering a fit of laziness unprecedented in the annals of English industry. Unless we shake it off we shall drift to disaster.

There is a world of trade to conquer by means of economical production. Coal is not killed yet by either oil or electricity. In 1923 the world produced and consumed more coal—black coal, exclusive of brown coal or lignite—than in any pre-war year with the single exception of 1913. As testified in a special report by the United States Geological Survey last year, the world's black coal output was only 7,000,000 tons below that great record of 1913. As the British output was 9,000,000 tons under that of 1913, it follows that the world outside Britain actually produced (and presumably consumed) 2,000,000 tons more black coal in 1923 than in 1913, and it produced far more brown coal. That is a striking and significant fact in view of the circumstances that the great Ruhr mining industry was dislocated by the "passive resistance" to the French "occupation"; and that the mining industries of Russia and Austria were almost paralysed.

The importance of oil and electricity is grossly exaggerated. These rivals have been temporarily stimulated by the short supplies and high prices of coal between 1919 and 1921; but oil is no more likely to supplant coal —nor are oil and electricity together more likely to supplant coal—than electricity has yet supplanted gas. When the electric light made its appearance on a commercial scale we were told that gas was doomed to early extinction. More gas is used to-day than was used before electricity came on the scene. So with coal and its rivals. The growth of population and industry throughout the

world means that coal will still be required in large quantities. Moreover, from coal we obtain a multitude of by-products essential to modern industry and life—various drugs, chemicals, colours, etc. Neither oil nor electricity has any such by-products to its credit.

It is significant that the Netherlands Shipping Company has had some of its ships which were built to use oil converted into coal-burning boats, because coal is now cheaper than oil, notwithstanding the fact that those vessels trade to an oil-bearing country. The London and North Eastern Railway Company finds that coal is cheaper than oil on its passenger boats.

As evidence of the nonsense spread about coal and its rivals there is the statement made a few days ago by a great newspaper, on the authority of a prominent industrialist, that we have lost a great coal market in Italy, owing to the enormous development of electrical power in that country. What are the facts? In 1913 Italy imported 10,000,000 tons of coal. In 1924 Italy imported 11,000,000 tons. In the first half of 1925 Italy has imported more coal than in any previous half-year, and a special report prepared for our Overseas Trade Department states that there is evidence of continued expansion in Italy's coal imports. The fact that we are not doing so much trade in the Italian and other markets as we did before the war is due entirely to our own shortcomings—our high costs, our short output, our frequent strikes.

What has been done cannot be undone. We cannot make our customers soon forget the way we treated them in the years 1919–21. We cannot abolish the great mining developments, the great lignite utilization schemes, the great fuel economy plans, that were set going when we created and aggravated coal famine conditions by our mad strikes, our reduced hours and our "ca'canny" of the first few post-war years. But the question of coal versus oil and electricity, the question of British versus German coal competition in Europe, and the question of British versus American coal competition in Canada and elsewhere are purely matters of price. If we reduce our price by means of more economical production we can regain and retain the practical coal monopoly we held for so long in many markets before the war.

The War in Morocco

By Colonel Z

FEW people have understood the true character of the operations now developing in Northern Morocco between the French and the native tribes fighting under the Riffian Leader's banner. They are generally looked upon as ordinary colonial operations, pursued by the well known methods and means of colonial warfare. This is an entirely false conception. The war in Northern Morocco is not a colonial war as far as its purely technical military aspect is concerned. *It is a European war*, conducted by leaders and men applying the same principles and the same methods, using the same armament, on a naturally reduced scale, as in the war of 1914-18. It is impossible to understand the operations in the Riff if that fundamental idea is lost sight of. In presenting a short account, as is the purpose of this article, of the adversaries engaged, their commands, organization, armament, tactics and general value, and the character and development of the operations from April to the present day, I hope to prove the correctness of this assertion.

In describing the opposing camps, I shall speak only of the native tribes following Abd el Kerim on one side, and of the French on the other side. As will be seen later, the Spaniards are playing, and will play, only a secondary part in the operations.

The native tribes under Abd el Kerim can be grouped under four categories, three of these belonging to the Spanish zone and one to the French zone. First, the Riffis, composed of about a dozen tribes, the best known of which is the Beni Ouriaghel, Abd el Kerim's own tribe, who live in the eastern part of the Riff country. Secondly the Ghomaras,whose territory lies along the Mediterranean coast, in the western part of the Riff. Thirdly, the Djebalas, who inhabit the mountainous region lying between Tetouan, Larache, and Ouezzan, and who had, in the past, the famous Raisuli for their leader. Lastly, the disaffected tribes of the French zone, the majority of which have joined Abd el Kerim through fear of seeing their villages and crops destroyed by his *harkas* (raiding parties) if they remained faithful to the French.

THE WAR IN MOROCCO

Those forces, which may be estimated roughly at 100,000 rifles, have been organized by the Riffian leader on modern lines. The Riffis, who constitute by far the best element, have been divided into two parts: about 10,000 of them have been sent to the Ghomaras, Djebalas, and especially the dissident tribes from the French zone, to furnish their cadres and constitute a few small units as the backbone of the forces supplied by those tribes in order to give them a greater offensive or defensive power. The rest of the Riffis, between 30,000 and 40,000, constitute Abd el Kerim's general reserve, and are organized entirely on the European model, with uniforms, in platoons, companies and battalions.

The command is exercised mostly by Riffis, the kaïds of the tribes other than Riffian, always having a few Riffis as advisers. At Abd el Kerim's headquarters, at Ajdir, near Alhucemas, one finds a few Germans, either officers of the late Imperial Army, whose names are well known to the French and the Spaniards, or deserters from the French Foreign Legion, which counts in its ranks not less than 60 per cent. of Germans. (The deserters are, nevertheless, much less numerous than is generally supposed.) One finds also a few Russians, and probably a few Turks. These European and Turkish elements are unquestionably of the greatest help to Abd el Kerim in the organization and training of his forces, but it would be entirely erroneous to attribute to those foreign advisers the credit of the results achieved in the Riff. Those results are mainly due to Abd el Kerim himself, and to his immediate Riffi entourage. That handful of native men, mostly supplied by the Beni Ouriaghel tribe, have been educated in Europe, some in military schools, others at Universities, and have formerly served under their adversaries of to-day, the French and the Spaniards, whom they therefore know extremely well.

The armament of Abd el Kerim's forces consists mainly of rifles and machine guns of different European patterns abundantly supplied with ammunition, of rifles and hand grenades, the latter being thrown with great precision at a great distance with slings, of a few guns used with great accuracy in the attack of several French posts, and of a few aeroplanes.

The tactics adopted by the Riffian leader's forces are admirably adapted to the local circumstances. When an objective has been selected, generally a fortified post, the concentration of the necessary forces in the vicinity of the objective is carried out entirely by night in order to escape the enemy's aerial reconnaissances. The approach from the place of concentration to the last cover facing the objective is also carried out by night. Then begins the regular attack in the open. Successive waves of sharp-shooters progress methodically by successive bounds towards the objective, using the ground to a prodigious extent, alternating fire and movement, stopping and digging in when the enemy's fire renders impossible any forward movement. And thus, gradually but irresistibly, they arrive within storming distance of the French post where they carefully prepare for the last advance by first building an elaborate system of trenches and dug-outs, and by harassing the defenders of the post with continuous fire day and night, finally going over the top when they think that the garrison of the post has reached the end of its power to resist.

Combined with these methodical attacks on the strongest points of the French defensive system, a series of raids behind that system are carried out by *harkas* (raiding parties) numbering from one hundred to five hundred men. These *harkas* pass through the unfortified sections between the French posts by night and appear suddenly far behind the French lines, terrorising the tribes and compelling them to join Abd el Kerim against the French, taking away crops and cattle as well as hostages. These *harkas* sometimes establish themselves in a very hilly or woody part of the French territory, whence they harass French communications, and can be dislodged only by a regular expedition.

From this one can appreciate what a formidable adversary Ab del Kerim constitutes. To quote Marshal Pétain's report to the French Cabinet: "The brutal fact is that we are attacked by the most powerful and best-armed enemy that we have ever faced in our colonial history. Abd el Kerim's men, vigorous mountaineers, fleet of foot and sure of eye, excellent marksmen, exalted by their previous successes, know admirably the difficult

ground on which they fight. They can live without the convoys which render our columns so heavy, and they possess rifles, machine-guns, and guns, with an abundant reserve of ammunition."

Let us now turn to the French. How have they organized themselves for this campaign? The forces at their disposal are composed (1) of French, Algerian, Moroccan, Senegalese, and Foreign Legion—regular units of all arms; (2) of what the French call "forces auxiliaires" (auxiliary forces), or "forces supplétives" (supplementary forces); and (3) of a limited number of the Sultan's "Mehallas," recently raised for the Riff operations.

Before the danger from the north materialized, the French forces in the whole of Morocco numbered approximately 60,000 men, of whom scarcely *one fourth*, i.e. 15,000, were Europeans, the rest being Algerians, Moroccans, and Senegalese. They now number approximately 140,000 men, of whom *about one half* are Europeans. Those figures contain a lesson and a warning. It is all very well to develop native troops in order to lighten the burden imposed on the man-power and finances of the mother country by the maintenance of order and preservation of frontiers in the dependencies overseas, but there are limits to that development, and they are best shown in periods of acute crisis and difficult field operations. The proportion of European troops to native troops cannot be reduced without the gravest danger below a certain quota. The French have learned this at great cost in the last three months in Morocco; recent events in the Soudan and the vast British responsibilities in India should compel Englishmen to take these examples of the dangers of drift very seriously to heart.

The "forces auxiliaires" or "forces supplétives" are constituted by local natives, either organized permanently in semi-regular units, called "maghzen" and "goums," under French officers, or raised only for a special operation for which they are paid and given rifles and ammunition. In that case they are called "partisans," and they come with their "kaïds" (heads of the tribes), who take their orders from specialized French officers.

The "mehallas" constitute an entirely native

organization, raised by the Sultan amongst the different tribes for a limited period.

The approximate strength of the total French forces now engaged in the Riff operations can be estimated at a figure around 110,000 men, and of the "forces auxiliaires" and "mehallas" at a figure between 20,000 and 30,000 men.

The command of the French forces was entirely reorganized by Marshal Pétain when he was sent to Morocco by the French Government in the middle of July. It is an open secret that before his arrival the general organization and distribution of the forces did not meet the situation as created by Abd el Kerim's offensive, and the reason is undoubtedly that the French leaders had failed to realize the new character of the campaign, which they were conducting like previous operations in other parts of Morocco, on traditional colonial lines. Marshal Pétain brought to Morocco a European spirit and European methods as opposed to the colonial, having realized, with his wonderfully clear mind and his masterful grasp of realities, the true character of the war waged by the Riffian leader. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that if Marshal Lyautey has created Morocco during the last thirteen years, Marshal Pétain has saved it in July, 1925.

The situation as regards the organization of command is now quite clear. Marshal Lyautey, the resident general, represents the Government, and has nothing to do with the technical conduct of the operations. General Naulin, the new commander-in-chief appointed by the French Government at the beginning of July, is absolute and sole master in the area of the operations. Marshal Lyautey and General Naulin, as M. Painlevé, the French Prime Minister, declared on August 1, are in the same respective positions as were the French Government and the French commander-in-chief in France during the Great War, a fact, among others, which underlines the European character of the present operations.

The similarity with the European war goes farther. The area of the operations is divided into three sectors, each corresponding to an army corps. The left sector extends from the Lukkos, east of Elksar (junction with

the Spaniards) to the River Ouergha, with headquarters at Ouezzan. The central sector includes the valley of the Ouergha, with headquarters at Fez, and the right sector extends from the Ouergha to the Moulouya, with headquarters at Taza. A general reserve is distributed behind the three sectors at the disposal of G.H.Q. established at Fez.

Inside the sectors and in the general reserve the different units are grouped in divisions of all arms, and no longer dispersed, as before Marshal Pétain's arrival, in platoons, companies, and battalions. The division becomes, therefore, the fighting unit as it was in the Great War, and it is not, unless under exceptional circumstances, dissociated. In the sectors the corps commanders organize, at their own discretion, the distribution of the divisions at their disposal and the different reliefs. The resemblance with European conditions is thus complete and striking.

The armament of the forces under General Naulin includes practically all the weapons used in the war 1914–18, except the heavy artillery. The different arms are equipped as they were during that war in certain parts of the front like the Vosges in France or the mountainous sectors of Macedonia. The limits of this article do not permit development of this question. It may be said, however, that in the Riff, on the French side, are found the most up-to-date aeroplanes, tanks, and wireless installations. That country not being dissimilar to the north-west frontier of India, the British military authorities ought to get as much information as possible on the results obtained there by these indispensable factors of modern warfare.

The tactics used by General Naulin's forces are those practised by all European armies as drawn from the lessons taught by the last war, with, in addition, the imperious necessity of an extreme mobility on the part of the different arms to answer and counteract the amazing mobility of the Riffis. This same mobility is required to a still greater extent from the reserves, either local or general, and its indispensable quality is shown in the very name given to those reserves when they move from one point to another, as they then form what the French call

a "groupe mobile," a well-known formation in North Africa. As the British Expeditionary Force now being trained in view of a mobile warfare is likely to be employed in conditions similar to those prevailing in Northern Morocco it seems that valuable information and experience might be drawn from the present operations.

As regards the general value of the forces under General Naulin, the French "poilu" and his military traditions are too well known to be insisted upon. The Foreign Legion's fighting value has acquired a world-wide and well-deserved reputation. The Algerian and Moroccan sharpshooters, and especially the latter, have shown in the Great War what they were capable of; they are first class, as long as they have their French officers. If they lose them, they rapidly decline to an instrument of the second class or even worse.

The Senegalese have proved themselves much inferior to the Moroccans, and they have given way repeatedly before the Riffis. The "Forces auxiliaires" and "Mehallas" stand exactly like their adversaries of the day, the Riffis, and are capable of rendering the same services. They love "baroud" (fighting), but, after a certain time, they want and need to return to the territory they came from.

After the foregoing rapid survey of the adversaries engaged, let me say a few words as to the operations themselves.

At the end of April last Abd el Kerim launched a determined offensive which lasted three months. His objective was Fez, as was later revealed in intercepted documents, the capital of the Sultan of Morocco, in which he wants to be proclaimed Sultan himself. At first his efforts were concentrated on the Ouergha valley, that is to say on the centre. What did he find to stop him? The French defensive system, organized in depth, consisted merely of an advanced line of posts well north of the Ouergha, occupied by small garrisons from one platoon to one company, and behind that advanced line a second line of more important and less numerous posts on the valley itself, north and south of the river. On the launching of the Riffian offensive, the French

Command organized forthwith defensively a third line of resistance on the heights overlooking the river Sebou, which runs east-west, between the Ouergha and Fez.

There is no doubt that Abd el Kerim met at first with important successes as it is admitted by French writers. M. Reginald Kann, the well-known French war correspondent, who has been serving, as a reserve officer, with the forces on the Ouergha from May to July, wrote in the *Temps* on the 7th of August: "Since the end of April each day has been marked by the fall of a post, the defection of a tribe, a gain of ground by the enemy, or a withdrawal of our line."

And in the *Temps* of August 9 he stated: "If one considers the line that we were holding at the beginning of the hostilities and compares it with the line now held by our troops, one sees that the withdrawal is nearly general. Our original positions are intact only in the east, between the north of Taza and the Moulouya, and in the west near Ouezzan. Everywhere else we have fallen back, nowhere have we gone forward. We have not rallied a single enemy tribe; on the other hand, nearly all the tribes in the neighbourhood of the frontier have gone over to Abd el Kerim and not one of them has yet come back. In the posts that he has taken Abd el Kerim has found guns, trench mortars, machine guns, rifles, grenades, and hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition."

As shown by M. Kann, the first result of Abd el Kerim's offensive was to compel the French forces, nearly all natives, to abandon the entire first line of posts and the posts of the second line lying north of the Ouergha, except one at the eastern extremity of the valley. He even succeeded in taking possession of a few hills south of the river, but in spite of repeated and determined attempts he could not progress any farther in that direction. He then decided to direct his efforts to the left and right wings of the French, respectively in the regions of Ouezzan and Taza. He could not secure any success of importance in the first region, but his attacks in the second, at the end of June, helped by defections of important tribes like the Tsoul and the Branes, north of Taza, nearly brought him a decisive success. It may now

be admitted that, at the beginning of July, the situation was considered at Rabat and Fez as extremely critical, and that withdrawals on a large scale were contemplated. It was then that the French Government decided to send out Marshal Pétain. That decision probably saved Morocco.

The month of July saw important changes in the situation, first through Pétain's action, already explained, and then through the continuous arrival of important reinforcements drawn from France, from the Rhine, and from Algeria. The end of that month and the beginning of August mark a definite stoppage of Abd el Kerim's advance, the beginning of a new attitude on the part of the Riffian leader, and the preparation of a French offensive with a limited co-operation of the Spaniards.

Realizing that his chances of ever capturing Fez or Taza have vanished, and that an important French offensive is in preparation, Abd el Kerim's only object seems now to be to gain time in order to reach the rainy season in October, before having suffered any reverse of importance. He is, therefore, entrenching himself very strongly in all the positions that he conquered between April and July, and is covering the whole front with an elaborate system of defence.

In front of that system the French are preparing an offensive. The organization in three sectors and a general reserve has already been explained. Units which have been fighting since last May have been sent to rest billets in quiet and cool valleys in the rear; units just arrived from France and the Rhine are submitted to extensive training, and are provided with the necessary equipment. It is likely that everything will be ready by the end of August or the beginning of September, and that an offensive will then be launched. What will be its object? For the first time since the French and the Spaniards set foot in Morocco they will co-operate in a common action, secured by the Franco-Spanish Agreement concluded at Madrid on July 25. While main military action against Abd el Kerim will be carried out entirely by the French, the Spaniards will make "demonstrations" at the eastern and western extremities of the French advance, respectively from Melilla and from the

Lukkos, with a possible landing, so long spoken of and never executed, at Alhucemas, in the region of Ajdir, Abd el Kerim's headquarters.

In Northern Morocco the rainy season starts generally towards the beginning of October and sets in effectively in the second fortnight of that month. Communications then become entirely impracticable and operations must cease. The French will therefore have, roughly speaking, the month of September to carry out their offensive. It is obvious that, owing to the little time available and the strong fortified system established by Abd el Kerim all along the front, the objective of the French advance can only be, for the time being, a limited one; it will likely consist in reconquering all they have lost since last April, and pushing forward their first line to where it was at that time, north-east of Ouezzan, north of the Ouergha, and north of Taza.

That offensive, although limited, will show Abd el Kerim that the French have now at their disposal sufficient forces to beat and disperse the tribes of the Riff. The French know perfectly well the weak points in the enemy's system. They know that while the mountaineers of the Djebel and the Riff are brilliant in attack, they are not so good in defence, and cannot resist a long and sustained offensive. They know that what Rudyard Kipling wrote of the Afghans applies to the Riffis: "An Afghan who attacks is a different man from an Afghan who is attacked." They also know that the Riffis, the Ghomaras, and the Djebalas do not always see eye to eye and that defeat will break the ties woven by success; they know that all the tribes under Abd el Kerim are settled tribes, as opposed to nomadic, are attached to their soil, their villages, their tombs, that they have something which they cherish to lose, and that they will prefer to surrender than to be separated from everything they possess. Among those tribes the Beni Ouriaghel, Abd el Kerim's own tribe, have always played the leading part in the Riff. They dominate the whole of Northern Morocco. If the French penetrate into their territory and subdue them the Riffian resistance will come definitely to an end, and peace will be restored in Morocco.

If, after the French offensive of September, Abd el Kerim refuses to come to terms and continues fighting, the Beni Ouriaghel territory, south of Alhucemas, will probably be the objective of the next French offensive, which can be launched and carried out successfully only in the spring of 1926. But he may also realize that his only chance to keep his present position in Northern Morocco, or a similar one, at least in the Riff, is to come to some sort of arrangement with the French and the Spaniards. He knows well the Arab proverb, "Kiss the hand that you cannot bite," and may decide to accept the terms offered to him. Those offers are generous. As M. Painlevé declared on August 14, "Abd el Kerim knows that the essential clause of the Franco-Spanish terms guarantees to the Riff and the Djebel, administrative, economical, and political autonomy within the existing treaties, that is to say, with the reservation that they will recognize the Sultan's sovereignty and the Sultan's representative (Khalifat) in Northern Morocco."

Complete independence of the Riff, claimed by Abd el Kerim, cannot be granted by France and Spain, as it would be in flagrant contradiction with the stipulations of the Act of Algeciras of 1906, which guarantees the sovereignty of the Sultan over the whole of Morocco, and has been signed, besides by France and Spain, by Great Britain, the United States, Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, and Norway (the signatures of Germany and Austria have been annulled by the Treaty of Versailles). To revise the Act of Algeciras, with its far-reaching consequences in the present unsettled conditions of the world, and especially of the Mussulman world, would be an act of folly that no sane statesman would dare undertake or even propose. Will Abd el Kerim grasp the realities and possibilities of the situation, or will he persist in nursing his dream of becoming, by force, the Sultan of Morocco? The first solution means peace and prosperity for the Riff, the Djebel, and their neighbours. The second solution means war in Morocco for this year, and probably next year—but it will mean also the inevitable end of Abd el Kerim's career.

American Policy in China

By J. O. P. Bland

THERE is no country in the world where history repeats itself more regularly and faithfully than in China, or where the whirligig of Time brings in such fantastic revenges. If we study that history, as recorded by English and American writers of the nineteenth century, and compare the events and policies of that time with those of to-day, we are constantly reminded of the truth of Kipling's line—"and never the twain shall meet"—for it is abundantly clear, after a hundred years of contact, that neither East nor West has achieved and retained any true understanding of the other. Between the Chinese and the European conception of international relations, of state craft, of the organization of society, and, indeed, of the fundamental purposes of existence, the old irreconcilable differences persist, stronger, if anything, than they were a century ago. The exclusion of the foreigner, a cardinal principle of Chinese policy from time immemorial, still remains the inextinguishable hope of every normal Chinese mind, and in none more so than in the minds of the present generation of "western-learning" students.

The disturbed condition of affairs at present prevailing in China has produced several illustrations of the manner in which events re-shape themselves faithfully down to the smallest details. It has also provided a number of instructive object-lessons for the guidance of those in high places who (history repeating itself) may confidently be expected to ignore them. Of these the most interesting and, for those who have eyes to see, the most illuminating lies in the "adventure in liberal action" lately initiated by the American Government. It is the purpose of the State Department to expedite the Tariff-revision Conference prescribed by the Washington Treaty of 1922, and especially to lead the way towards an immediate discussion of the thorny question

of the extra-territorial privileges enjoyed by foreigners in China. Examining into the genesis of this "liberal gesture," one cannot help wondering whether those whose duty or pleasure it is to advise the President in these matters, have perchance compared the policy behind it with that which set the diplomatic world talking, and rejoiced the hearts of China's mandarins, in 1868?

Towards the end of 1867 (when negotiations were impending for revision of the British Treaty Tariff of 1858) the Chinese Government, advised by its faithful servant, Mr. Robert Hart, announced its intention of sending a special Mission abroad accredited to the courts of all the leading powers. The general purpose of this mission, as defined by Mr. Hart, was "to cultivate and conserve friendly relations, by explaining to each of the Treaty Powers the many difficulties that China cannot fail to experience in attempting to change existing conditions, or to introduce novelties, and to bespeak forbearance and prevent, in so far as possible, any resort to hostile pressure to wring from China, concessions for which the Government did not as yet feel itself ready." That China should depart so far from her disdainful policy of isolation and repulsion as to send an Embassy to negotiate with the outer barbarians, was in itself sufficiently remarkable, but the effect of the new departure was rendered much more startling by the appointment of the American Envoy at Peking to be his Chinese Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and head of the Special Mission. Space does not permit, nor is it necessary, to describe the political results of Mr. Burlingame's negotiations—the reader will find them recorded with scrupulous fairness in Mr. Morse's "International Relations of the Chinese Empire." Suffice it to say, that in the Treaty which Mr. Burlingame signed on behalf of China at Washington in July, 1868, the only clauses which brought any measure of comfort to the Chinese mind were those which provided for the maintenance of the integrity of China, and for freedom from interference in her development. The practical results of the Mission's impressive journey round an admiring world were indeed meagre. Lord Clarendon, it is true, undertook that

Great Britain would in future abstain from "unfriendly pressure," but he felt it necessary to reserve the use of force "to protect life and property immediately exposed," and his example was followed by the French and German Governments. The moral results achieved by Mr. Burlingame and his Chinese colleagues were, however, by no means negligible, inasmuch as they succeeded in creating an atmosphere of sympathetic consideration for China (based, be it observed, on a purely fictitious presentment of her real objects and intentions). This atmosphere, and its enduring effect upon American national sentiment, were destined to prove more important than all the stereotyped sterilities of the new Treaties.

The "new policy" towards China, thus inaugurated as the result of the Burlingame Mission, consisted in substituting moral for material coercion; it was, in fact, essentially the same as the policy which the State Department now hopes to inaugurate by its latest liberal gesture. It was founded, moreover, on the same cheerful ignorance with regard to China and disregard of the immutable fact that the Oriental mind invariably attributes a conciliatory attitude to fear. Its immediate effect upon the Government at Peking, as Hart himself subsequently confessed, "was to make it talk and act as if convinced that the West was afraid of China." Its effect upon the ever-latent anti-foreign instincts of the Chinese people was equally marked. During the year which followed the announcement that America and Great Britain had pledged themselves to the "new policy," more outrages were perpetrated upon foreigners than during the previous eight years. The State Department's recent announcement of its desire to discuss the abolition or dilution of the foreigner's extra-territorial Treaty rights, following immediately upon widespread manifestations of mob violence, is bound to produce the same deplorable results, but on a wider scale.

Mr. Burlingame was an orator of a type of mind, like that of the late Senator Bryan, which appeals most effectively to the idealists and religious enthusiasts of America's agricultural districts. With him, as with Mr. Bryan, sentiment counted for more than science,

and histrionics for more than history. His oratory was of the Lloyd Georgian kind, directed towards the emotions rather than the intelligence of his audiences. In his vision of the New Era created by his mission, he saw "China extending her arms towards the shining banners of Western civilization"; he saw the missionaries of God's Own country "planting the shining cross on every hill and in every valley" of Cathay. It was not within the range of his vision to foresee that China's arms would be loaded, or that their movements would grow more frankly hostile on closer acquaintance with those shining banners. It could never occur to his mind that the most conspicuous effects of "western learning" upon Young China would be to make them the instigators and leaders of a national anti-Christian movement. His mission was hailed by public opinion throughout America as proof, not only of the Peking Government's commitment to a policy of progressive development, but as evidence of the predominance of American influence in China.

Mr. Ross Browne, the able envoy who succeeded Mr. Burlingame at the American Legation in Peking, was under no such delusions. In his reply to an address presented to him by the American and English merchants of Shanghai in July, 1869, he set forth his opinions concerning the new policy and its inevitably pernicious results, in a series of lucidly cogent arguments, every word of which holds good and deserves careful study to this day. With regard to the impression prevalent in the United States that the Chinese as a nation regarded Americans with exceptional favour, "he had discovered nothing during his residence at Peking to warrant such an assumption: they regard Americans, as they do all foreigners, with distrust." In justification of this opinion, he cited that of another distinguished American Minister, Mr. Reed (1858), who held that no such distinction existed, for the reason that "steadfast neutrality and consistent friendship make no impression upon the isolated obduracy of this Empire." He cited also the opinion of Wells Williams (American author of "the Middle Kingdom"), who held that "it was quite a mistake to suppose that the rulers of China were more friendly towards the Americans than towards the British.

This principle of action towards all foreign nations," he wrote, "is isolation. Keep them at as great a distance as possible." Concerning the restless dissatisfaction of the Chinese with the Treaty of 1858, and their evident intention to take advantage of the atmosphere created by the Burlingame mission in order to restrict the extra territorial privileges thereunder enjoyed by foreigners, Mr. Ross Browne did not hesitate to declare that China's object in sending this, her first embassy, abroad, was never intended to be progressive; that, on the contrary, "all that the rulers of this Empire desire is to be left free to work out their own destiny in their own way, and that is, simply retrogression and final relapse into barbarism." While sympathizing with this desire, he perceived that the policy of non-interference was impossible, because it meant stagnation; either retrogression or progress was inevitable. Progress, he declared, could only be achieved by friendly, but firm, pressure, and by insistence upon due observance of the Treaties. "If we undertake to go back and make reparation for all the crimes and errors of the past," he said, "I fear he will not make much progress in the future. We can only accept the present and profit by experience, and if experience teaches anything, it is that neither forbearance nor persuasion has ever advanced the cause of civilization a single step in this country"—words of wisdom which deserve to be inscribed on tablets in every foreign Chancery and Consulate in China.

It was the opinion of Mr. Burlingame—an opinion shared by most Liberal doctrinaires towards the end of the nineteenth century—that if the officials and intellectuals of China were enabled to study for themselves the ethics of Western civilization and its administrative systems, they would speedily, of their own initiative, introduce the reforms necessary to give their country a better political and social organization. It was an opinion, or at least a hope, shared by many able men on the spot (e.g. Sir Rutherford Alcock and Sir Robert Hart) who believed that by training Young Chinese in Foreign Customs to methods of probity a class of officials might in time be produced, capable of honest administration. The delusive nature of these hopes was

apparent to men like Ross Browne. He realized, before Herbert Spencer had proclaimed it as a general truth, and an axiom of philosophy, the impossibility of effecting any rapid change in the essential type of a social structure by any system of culture. But his voice was that of one crying in a wilderness of words. The "western-learning" movement derived a very definite impulse from the atmosphere created by the Burlingame mission, and in 1871 a first batch of carefully-selected Chinese students was dispatched to the United States. In the eyes of American educationists and religious enthusiasts, this first Chinese Educational Mission was regarded as the grain of mustard seed, from which would swiftly spring a great tree of progress and enlightenment for all China, with rare and refreshing fruit for all concerned.

At the outset of this article I observed that nowhere in the world does the whirligig of Time bring in more fantastic revenges than in China; of this the history and results of America's educational activities since 1871 afford an interesting example. When one thinks of all the money spent and all the pious hopes founded during the past fifty years, on teaching the Young Chinese idea how to shoot according to the best American principles, there is something almost suggestive of the malignity of angry Eastern gods in the spectacle now presented by Chinese students as a class, and, in particular, by the violently anti-foreign, semi-Bolshevised students turned out by American Universities in China. And in the matter of Time's revenges, how many Americans realize the extent to which their country is responsible on the one hand (because of its Asiatic Exclusion Acts) for the persistently hostile sentiments of the Cantonese faction, and, on the other hand, for the present ascendancy of that most turbulent and irreconcilable faction in Chinese politics? Who, among the idealists would ever have conceived it possible that the millions exacted by the United States from the tottering Manchu Government as penalty for the Boxer outrages, and subsequently devoted to the Americanizing of Chinese students, would prove to be no better than a sowing of dragon's teeth? As matters stand, only those who are blinded by their vocational enthusiasms can attempt to deny that the

whips of the old monarchical régime were far easier to be borne by the Chinese people than the scorpions of the new dispensation. It is beyond all question true that upon the religious and educational societies must rest most of the responsibility for the predominance of a class of politicians which has proved itself completely indifferent to the bitter sufferings of the Chinese people, incapable of ruling and unwilling to be ruled. Yet, even now, as the attitude of the American Government goes to show, like parents who have given life to a malformed child, they lavish the more affectionate solicitude upon it, ever hoping against hope that by some miracle of grace it may yet attain to a fair shape and seemly deportment. This sentimental, uplifting influence underlying American policy in China has undoubtedly done, and is still destined to do, infinite harm. It errs from a superfluity of benevolent intentions, and at the same time from complete failure to appreciate the social and economic conditions inevitable in a country where severe economic pressure, endured for centuries, is reflected in the soul of the people. It fails to realize that such abstract moralities as the Wilsonian doctrine of self-determination are wholly inapplicable to races which by reason of their extreme passiveness and spirit of locality are unfitted for self-government under representative institutions. Wafted to the East, these sonorous words of Western wisdom pass on, trailing clouds of calamity, to oblivion.

There is, however, another aspect of American policy in China, less conspicuous than its liberal gestures, but more important in its ultimate effects (because of the unbroken continuity and foresight of the political instincts behind it), namely, that which represents the firm belief that the destinies of America lie on the Pacific. Long before Mr. Roosevelt proclaimed this as a fundamental axiom of American policy in 1903, in fact, as far back as the days of President Monroe and Caleb Cushing, the orientation of American policy had been steadily directed towards the safeguarding of her actual and potential interests in China. The Washington Conference of 1921 reflected, therefore, a far-sighted conception of purely national interests on the part of American statesmen, combined with recognition of the fact that

America's interests, and even her national security, must in the long run involve her in conflict with Japan's policy of economic penetration on the Asiatic seaboard. Thus has been created for successive administrations the anomalous position in which, while proclaiming their complete aloofness from foreign affairs where Europe is concerned, they are compelled to take a hand and, whenever possible, a guiding hand, in the affairs of Eastern Asia. Even at Versailles, behind Mr. Wilson's benevolent fourteen points, behind the manifold activities of the American Women's League for Peace and Freedom, this disturbing truth was manifest. The distant cloud of the Pacific problem cast its dark shadow across the promised lands of the philanthropists' Utopia—the shadow of an inevitable struggle between rival powers for a position of advantage in the Far Eastern markets, vitally necessary to both, and here again we shall see history repeating itself, for the struggle will most assuredly be instigated, complicated, and intensified by all the efforts of China, young and old. The new type of politicians who owe their education and their indisciplined activities to the West, will follow their forefathers in the time-honoured policy of setting one barbarian against the the other, hoping that thereafter, as in the past, they may derive from the ensuing strife benefits for themselves, and find means to evade some of the penalties (such as the extraterritorial clauses of the Treaties) conceded in the past to one or other of the rival powers, or to both.

The Druse Rebellion in Syria

By a Staff Officer

In Syria, that Babel of Modern times, the Druses form three important groups: one in the Lebanon, East of Beirût, about 50,000 strong, one in the Anti-Lebanon, North West of Damascus, about 40,000 strong, and, last, but not least, one in the Djebel Druse, South East of Damascus, about 60,000 strong. This last group is the seat of the present rebellion.

The Druses of the Djebel emigrated from the Lebanon in 1860, when a Christian state was established in that region by the French. They settled in the Djebel, a country lying east of the railway from Damascus to Transjordania, fertile in parts but very volcanic, through which it is difficult to circulate. Only one road leads from Damascus or from the railway into the Djebel, and it does not even reach the capital Sueida, lying at 3,600 feet, and only accessible by tracks.

The Druses have always been very independent, and they have constantly given trouble to the occupiers of Syria, whether Egyptians, Turks, Arabs or French. They are excellent horsemen. Their social organization is feudal, and the power is in the hands of a few families constantly fighting with each other when they do not fight within the family. Their religion is secret, and seems to be a curious mixture of Christian and Mussulman customs.

In 1921, the chief of the Djebel Druses signed an agreement with the French High Commissioner in Syria, General Gouraud, by which an autonomous Druse State was created in the Djebel, with a Druse Governor, an elected Assembly, a Druse representative at French Headquarters in Beirût, and a French representative at Sueida, the Druse capital.

In 1922, dissensions in one of the most prominent Druse families, the Attrash, divided between partisans and enemies of the French, obliged the High Commissioner

to send a column into the Djebel to restore order. The head of the Attrash family, Sultan El Attrash, who had taken side against the French, fled to Transjordania, where he organized raids against French communications.

In 1923, complete order was re-established under the direction of Captain Carbillet, the French delegate at Sueida, and the then High Commissioner in Syria, General Weygand, pardoned Sultan El Attrash, who came back to the Djebel.

In 1924, General Weygand paid a visit to the Djebel, and was cordially welcomed everywhere.

In April of the present year, on the anniversary of the independence of the Druses, the present High Commissioner, General Sarrail, was triumphantly received at Sueida.

All seemed to go very smoothly with the Djebel Druses, when suddenly, at the beginning of July, new dissensions arose in the Attrash family, part of the members demanding greater autonomy and another French delegate in place of Captain Carbillet, while the rest of the family wanted to maintain the actual conditions. At the head of the first group was found again Sultan El Attrash, who acted so vigorously against the francophile members of his family that they had to take refuge in the old Turkish citadel at Sueida, then occupied by a company of Algerian sharpshooters under French officers. Reinforcements were immediately sent from Damascus, and two small columns were formed, one to reinforce the Sueida garrison, the other to pacify the country. The first column reached Sueida without difficulty, but the second, about 160 strong, all Syrian infantry and Algerian cavalry, with 7 French Officers, was attacked by vastly superior forces, lost about 90 men. and finally succeeded in taking refuge in the citadel at Sueida.

It was then realized at French Headquarters that the situation was more serious than had been at first supposed, and that important reinforcements were necessary. A column of 3,000 men was rapidly organized at Zorawa, the station on the railway nearest to Sueida (about 25 miles), under General Michaud, and launched in the direction of Sueida. The fighting elements of the column,

although constantly delayed by strong enemy opposition, progressed fairly rapidly. The distance between those elements and the very heavy and cumbersome convoy necessary in a country where the troops have to take with them everything they need in the way of food, water, ammunition, medical stores, etc., became greater as the advance of the fighting units developed until, at sunset, they had lost sight of one another. At that precise moment, the convoy, entrusted to the guard of Syrian and Malgache (natives from Madagascar) units, was attacked from all points of the horizon by innumerable hordes of horsemen. The Syrians and the Malgaches, seized with panic, gave way and the convoy fell entirely in the hands of the Druses. The French Officer commanding the convoy blew out his brains rather than be taken prisoner alive by the enemy.

The fighting column, under General Michaud, deprived of all its indispensable resources, and constantly attacked by a very mobile and determined enemy, had to stop its forward movement, and fell back on the railway at Zorawa. When it reached that point, the column was bringing back 362 men and 23 officers wounded. 415 men, mostly Syrians and Malgaches, and 17 officers were missing, bringing the total losses to about 800.

The garrison at Sueida, representing about three companies, is still besieged by the Druses. No anxiety, however, is felt for its safety as it has enough food, water and ammunition for nearly two months.

A concentration of troops, drawn from other parts of Syria, where they will be replaced by a few units sent from France, is now taking place on the railway at Zorawa, in view of further action in the direction of Sueida and neighbouring country.

The present rebellion was not at first more serious than a great many previous ones. The High Commissioner in Syria, General Sarrail, had sufficient forces at his disposal to crush the revolt at the outset by rapid and decisive action. This was precisely his intention, when he concentrated in a few days a force 3,000 strong on the railway at Zorawa. That force, led after the elementary principles of warfare in such regions, ought to have reached Sueida in three days, relieved the garrison, organized a safe line

of communications with Zorawa and using Sueida, strongly occupied by French troops, as an advanced base, ought to have launched mobile columns on different itineraries through the country. Order would have been restored in a few weeks, as it had been before in 1922. Unfortunately, the commander of the relief column seems to have ignored the most elementary rules when he allowed his heavy convoy to be separated from the fighting units, and to have entrusted purely native units with its protection. When you disregard a principle, that principle turns itself immediately against you and makes you pay for your neglect or ignorance. The French commander has paid a very heavy penalty indeed, and deep sympathy will be felt with our Allies for the losses incurred in this unfortunate affair. It is good to see that General Sarrail, in a dispatch to the French Government, stresses the "loyal and friendly collaboration displayed by the English on the Transjordanian border."

What will be the next step? Nobody, either at Beirût or in Paris, believes that the rebellion of the Djebel Druse will develop. The two other groups of the Druses do not show any sign of desire to join the Djebels. The neighbouring Arabs, who have always been antagonistic to the Druses, are unlikely to help them, with the possible exception of one or two small tribes of the desert East of the Djebel. On the other hand, it seems that the rebels are not altogether averse to negotiate, and conversations are now taking place between Beirût and the Djebel through the intermediary of the Lebanon Druses. It is possible, therefore, that another military expedition may not prove necessary, and that a compromise will soon be arrived at.

As immediate neighbours of France in that part of the world, we are highly interested in the maintenance of peaceful conditions in those regions, and we shall be the first to welcome a conclusion to the present troubles.

Poland's Historic Title to Danzig

By Diplomat

I

Pomorze, or Polish Pomerania, which backs on to the Baltic Sea and lies between the Vistula and the Prussian frontier, has always been a Slav country. At the beginning of the eleventh century the Polish King Bolesas I, the Brave, incorporated it in his kingdom. Thereafter, for a few centuries, Pomorze was either an integral part of Poland, or was ruled by her own sovereign princes, who resided at Danzig.

In 1308 the Teutonic Order took possession of Pomorze and ruled there for 146 years, namely, until 1454. In that year Pomorze once more became a part of Poland, who thus recovered her access to the sea. This state of things lasted without interruption until 1772, when Frederick II, King of Prussia, having with Austria and Russia completed the division of Poland, took possession of Pomorze, and united it with Prussia. It was not until 1920 that, by the Treaty of Versailles, Pomorze was given back to Poland, but in part only, for the territory allotted to Poland did not represent more than two-thirds of the ancient Polish Pomerania.

Pomorze was thus part of Poland for more than six centuries (from the beginning of the eleventh century till 1772, except for the interval between 1308 and 1454), while the Prussian rule had only lasted 146 years.

II

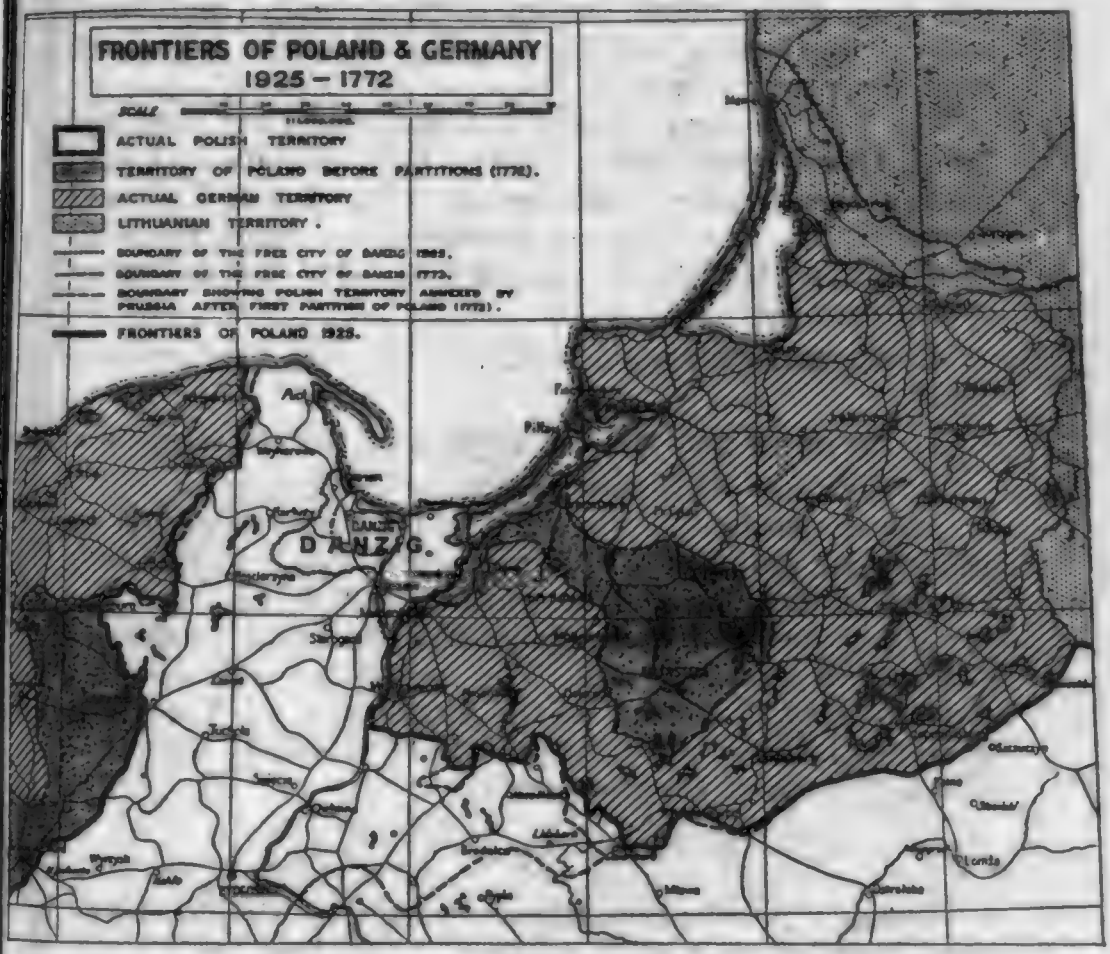
From the ethnical point of view the population of Pomorze is basically Polish. The inhabitants of the northern districts of Pomorze, who are known as Kashubs, are also of Polish origin. In spite of the policy initiated by Frederick II, and since continued by Prussia, whose aims were at all costs to Germanize Pomerania, principally by means of German colonies, the population has preserved its Polish character intact.

Out of 800,000 of the total population only 12 per cent. represent the German element, while 88 per cent. are Poles.

It should be noted that from 1871 until 1918, that is, throughout the duration of the German Empire, the

Pomeranian districts of Puck, Wejherowe, Koscierzyna, Starogard, and Tczew were continually and only represented in the German Parliament by Polish deputies, and never once did a German succeed in getting himself elected.

During the elections for the Polish Diet on November 5, 1922, only 15 per cent. of the total votes recorded were entered on the German list.



III

The sea coast of Pomorze, which is Poland's only access to the sea, is barely 76 kilometres in length. The sea coast, therefore, represents 2 per cent. of the whole frontier of the Polish State, which possesses a territory of 386,634 square kilometres, and a population of about 29 millions.

The Treaty of Versailles conferred on Poland special and extensive rights in the port of Danzig. The exercise of these rights having been considerably complicated and hindered by the provisions of the Convention of November 9, 1920, signed at Paris between Poland and the Free City of Danzig, the Polish Government resolved to construct on its own territory the sea-port of Gydnia. Operations were commenced in 1921, and by 1924 a mole of 550 metres, and a breakwater of 170 metres in length had been constructed, water and electricity had been laid on, the works had been built, and also a railway running up to the mole.

On July 4, 1924, a contract was made between the Polish Government and a Franco-Polish company representing the firms of Batignolles, Schneider & Co., and Hersent. By this contract the company undertakes to carry out at Gydnia by the end of 1930 the following operations :—

1. An entrance canal to the outer port 11 metres in depth.

2. An outer port having an area of 150 hectares.

3. An inner dock with an area of 43½ hectares.

The dimensions of the outer port were calculated to admit of an annual traffic of 2½ million tons. In this way Poland, which has great natural riches and a very advantageous position geographically and commercially, will soon possess two seaports, one on her own territory, the other on the territory of the Free City of Danzig, which will probably suffice to satisfy her ever-growing needs of export trade.

IV

During the course of the Conference at Paris in 1919 it was decided, first of all, to give Danzig back to Poland, but this idea was given up and the Free City of Danzig was created. When the German delegates protested against this separation of Danzig from the German territory, the Allied and Associated Powers replied on June 16, 1919, as follows :

> The German note states that the German Government must reject the proposed rape of Danzig, and must adhere to their intention that Danzig and its neighbourhood be left to the German

Empire. The wording of the note seems to show a certain lack of recognition of the true situation. The proposals with regard to Danzig have been drawn up with the most scrupulous care, and will perpetuate the character which the Free City of Danzig has had for centuries up to the time when, by force, and contrary to the will of its inhabitants, it was annexed by the Prussian State. The population of Danzig is, and has for a long time been, mostly German. For this reason it is not proposed to incorporate it in Poland. But Danzig, when it was one of the towns of the Hansa League was, like many other Hansa towns, outside the political frontiers of Germany, and united with Poland, with which country it enjoyed for centuries considerable local independence and great commercial prosperity. It will from henceforward be again placed in a position similar to that which it occupied during so many centuries. The economic interests of Danzig and Poland are identical. It is essential to Danzig, the largest port on the Vistula, to have relations of the most intimate kind with Poland. The annexation by Germany of Western Prussia, including Danzig, deprived Poland of direct access to the sea, to which she had the right. The Allied and Associated Powers propose that this direct access should be given back to Poland. It is not enough that Poland should have the right to make use of the German ports; that part of the coast, however small it may be, which is Polish, must be given back to her. Poland asks, and is justified in asking, that the management and development of the port which is her only outlet to the sea be placed in her hands, and that communications between this port and Poland be submitted to no foreign authority, so that, in this regard, which is most important to her national existence, Pomerania may be placed on a footing of equality with the other States of Europe.

V

The German Press continually complain that by the granting of Pomorze to Poland, Eastern Prussia becomes isolated. On this point it may be remarked that :

For more than six centuries—from the beginning of the eleventh century to 1772, with the exception of the period of 146 years between 1308–1454—Eastern Prussia was separated from Brandenburg Prussia by the territory of Poland. It was therefore her normal geographical situation for a long series of centuries.

This isolated position, however, did not prevent Eastern Prussia from becoming a valuable military position for Frederick II during the Seven Years' War. It was only after the first partition of Poland that Eastern Prussia was brought near to the Kingdom of Prussia. Once the restoration of Poland had taken place, the situation of Prussia became again such as it had been

during the whole of its history. It should be added that after the dissolution of the Teutonic Order in 1525, Eastern Prussia became, as a secularized duchy, the fief of Poland, and the Grand Duke of Prussia gave homage as a vassal to the King of Poland, his sovereign, up to 1656.

This ducal Prussia had never been part of the German Empire, which ceased to exist in 1806, nor of the German Confederation, founded in 1815 by the Treaty of Vienna. It was only in 1867 that Eastern Prussia was incorporated in the "Deutsches Reich"; and has so been one of Germany's possessions for barely fifty-eight years.

The following is an extract from the note of the Allied and Associated Powers, of June 16, 1919, addressed to the President of the German Delegation at the Paris Conference:

> German historians have always recognized that Eastern Prussia was not originally a German country. There is no doubt that it would be convenient for Germany if this country, which has been conquered by the German sword and torn from its first inhabitants, were in direct contact with Germany; but Germany's convenience is not a sufficient reason to justify the continuation of the dismembering and parcelling out of another nation. Moreover, any interest which the Germans living in Eastern Prussia may have—and their number does not amount to two millions—to establish a means of access by land with Prussia, is far less vital than the interest which the whole Polish nation has in obtaining direct access to the sea.
>
> The greater part of the commerce of Eastern Prussia with the rest of Germany is carried on by sea . . . for Poland it is essential to have direct and uninterrupted communication with Danzig and the rest of the coast, by means of railway lines which should be under the complete control of the Polish State. The inconvenience which the new frontiers might occasion to Eastern Prussia are negligible when one compares them with that which any other arrangement would cause to Poland.
>
> Furthermore, the importance of the railway line which links Eastern Prussia with Germany has been fully recognized in the Treaty, and articles have been inserted in it to this effect. These articles have just been revised with the greatest of care, and they guarantee in the fullest possible manner that no obstacle shall be interposed to communications across the intervening Polish territory.

Eastern Prussia occupies an area of 38,521 square kilometres, with about 2,200,000 inhabitants. She possesses a large port in Königsberg, as well as several ports of lesser importance, such as Pillau, Elbing, etc.

The distance separating Eastern Prussia from the

principal German centres is considerable. In a direct aerial line the distances are:

To Berlin	.. ..	520 kilometres.
„ Hamburg	.. ..	620 „
„ Essen	.. ..	960 „

Thanks to these distances Eastern Prussia has preserved a certain specific character which clearly distinguishes her from the rest of Germany; for this reason she has many times been called "a German Colony." In a speech at Königsberg on February 15, 1925, the German Chancellor, Herr Luther, mentioned, among other things, that the inhabitants of Eastern Prussia, when they go to Germany, often say they are going "to the Empire."

It is important to state that Eastern Prussia is a country which is almost exclusively agricultural. Industry has only a small share in its activities.

Of the exports from the port of Königsberg, 46 per cent. were sent to German ports before the war. Goods traffic by rail between Eastern Prussia and Germany, on the contrary, was very small; this is confirmed in a publication issued by the German management of the Königsberg railways entitled "The Economy and Trade of East Prussia before and after the War."

> Before the war only a very small portion of the goods traffic between East Prussia and the rest of Germany was carried by the railways. The favourable position of East Prussia on the Baltic, the working capacity of our mercantile fleet, and the cheapness of the freight have attracted almost the entire goods traffic (especially coal and cereals) to the sea route.

VI

In order to guarantee to Eastern Prussia free communication with the rest of Germany, the Treaty of Versailles (Article 89) obliged Poland to grant free transit between these countries across the territories which had been allotted to her.

By the terms of Article 98 of the Treaty, Germany and Poland were to come to an agreement for the purpose of guaranteeing free transit, on the one hand, to Germany across the territory ceded to Poland, and, on the other hand, to Poland across the German territory on the right bank of the Vistula, for communication between Poland and the Free City of Danzig.

Such an agreement was come to at Paris on April 21, 1921. The transit by land routes as well as by water routes granted to Germany is based on liberal principles surpassing anything which had been granted by former Treaties. (See annex page 355.)

Poland has granted to Germany free transit even of military convoys (Article 44–49 of the Agreement), although she was in no way obliged to do so by the Treaty of Versailles.

In order to guarantee the normal functioning of communications, and to eliminate at once any irregularity in this matter, Poland proposed, during the course of the negotiations, that all differences which might arise in the interpreting, or carrying out of the Agreement, should be regulated, not through diplomatic channels, but by a special tribunal, which should also be empowered to decide on the indemnities to be paid for any damages. A tribunal of this description was created at Danzig, in conformity with Article 11, and the articles of the Agreement following on it.

For a period of more than two and a half years after the completion of the Agreement the carrying out by Poland of its conditions left nothing to be desired; the economic needs of Germany, as well as of Eastern Prussia, were fully satisfied. Up to the end of January of the present year no difference between the parties arose, and the German Government did not submit any case to the Danzig Tribunal.

During the year 1924 about 590,000 travellers profited by the privileged transit between Eastern Prussia and the rest of Germany; there were only 5,000 passengers transported during the same year by maritime service between Pillau and Swinemünde.

Goods traffic over the territory is so much facilitated by the Agreement that certain goods which formerly used to be transported from Germany to Königsberg and vice-versa by sea, on account of the high cost of railway transport, are now being dispatched by Polish railways; this is principally because such goods, enjoying privileged transport, profit by the favourable tariffs instituted by Poland for her interior traffic.

An eloquent proof of the good working of the transit is supplied by the opinion of the management of the

German railways at Königsberg, as set forth in their publication entitled "The Economy and Trade of East Prussia before and after the War," published for the Imperial Railways Board by Graefe and Unzer.

> East Prussia is no longer an enclave for through traffic. The Imperial Railways have thrown a bridge over the district of the Polish thoroughfare.
>
> For the space of a year transit has been accomplished without friction, and to those who have been directing the traffic it has been exactly as if the German railway itself had undertaken the management.
>
> The freight prices of the German inland tariffs have been reckoned just as if the district lying between East Prussia and the rest of Germany, and which has been transferred to Poland, were still German. It must also be acknowledged that the Polish railway administration strive to fulfil the obligations of their compact. . . . As a result of this development, the question as to whether it would be worth while to divert the whole or the greater part of the traffic between East Prussia and the rest of Germany to the sea route is no longer of any practical importance.

VII

From the moment when the kingdom of Prussia sprang into being a desire for territorial conquests was the guiding spirit of the Prussian policy. Frederick II, led by this spirit, wrested Silesia from Austria, and from Poland an important part of her territory next to the Baltic Sea. His successor continued the same programme with regard to Poland, and after taking possession of the vast territories of the Polish State, brought her political existence to an end.

At the Vienna Congress the King of Prussia succeeded in annexing part of Saxony.

After a victorious war with Denmark, Prussia became the mistress of Schleswig. A short time later she succeeded in uniting and mobilizing all the German States against France, and in seizing Alsace and Lorraine. During the long years which followed the Treaty of Frankfort, Prussia dominated the policy of the German Empire.

It was also Prussia who conceived the idea, during the world war, of depriving France of her eastern provinces, as well as of her northern coast.

The genius of military organization was for years the source of the political power of Prussia. The Seven

Years' War had already supplied proofs that Eastern Prussia was the cradle of Prussian militarism—forming a solid block with the rest of Prussia.

To rebuild the ancient military power of Prussia, to do away with the boundary separating Eastern Prussia from the rest of Germany, at all costs to take Pomorze away from Poland—this is the goal towards which German policy is directed at the present time.

VIII

In view of what has been said above, it is necessary to ask oneself what object have German statesmen and the German Press in insisting for some time past on the necessity for the revision of the eastern frontiers of Germany, that is to say, the necessity of taking Pomorze away from Poland?

If one considers that:

Pomorze was part of the Polish State for many centuries, while Prussia only possessed it for 146 years;

That it is a country which is purely Polish, inhabited by a population essentially Polish;

That this country constitutes the sole access to the sea for a State of about 29 millions of people;

That following the agreement mentioned above, freedom in communication by land and water routes between the German Empire and Eastern Prussia has been entirely guaranteed for an indefinite period, with the maximum of privileges and facilities;

And that, thanks to this, the economic union of Eastern Prussia with the Empire has not suffered in any way, one is obliged to conclude that Germany has three aims, namely:—

Faithful to the programme of Frederick II, Germany intends, before everything, to wipe out the essential base of existence of the Polish State by depriving Poland of her access to the sea, with the view of securing for herself power over the eastern part of Europe, and of playing a more important part in the concert of European powers (in which Russia no longer takes part), than she used to before the war.

In wresting Pomorze from Poland, Germany would succeed in overcoming the only serious obstacle which

separates her from Russia (neither Lithuania nor Latvia can be considered as obstacles). Nothing would then remain in the way of direct contact being established between Russia and Germany, and Germany would enter into the first stage of the effective realization of her vast political and economic programme with regard to Russia, a programme of the greatest importance to all European powers.

In wresting Pomorze from Poland, Germany would take an important step towards the reconstruction of her fighting strength.

ANNEX—EXTRACTS FROM AGREEMENT.

21st April, 1921.

Article I

Poland grants to Germany freedom of transit for persons, merchandise, ships, boats, wagons, carriages, postal service, telegraphic and telephonic services between Eastern Prussia and the rest of Germany, across the territory—including the territorial waters—ceded by Germany to Poland by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles. Save for the exceptions and restrictions provided for by the present Agreement, freedom of transit is extended to all ways of communication, and to all means and manners of transport by land and by water, and includes among other things, postal, telegraphic, and telephonic services.

In the case of unforeseen events which might hinder communication across the territory ceded by Germany to Poland, traffic by rail will be provisionally assured by the Polish Government across the territory of the ancient Kingdom of Poland created by the Vienna Congress.

The Free City of Danzig grants to Germany the freedom of transit which is provided by the first paragraph of the present article, across the Danzig territory, including the Danzig territorial waters.

Germany grants to Poland and to the Free City of Danzig the same liberty of transit for communication between the two last-mentioned countries across the German territory on the right bank of the Vistula, as it is specified in Article 96 of the Treaty of Versailles.

Inasmuch as the present Agreement does not grant to Germany more extensive rights, Poland and the Free City of Danzig are required to treat the persons, merchandise, ships, boats, carriages, wagons, postal, telegraphic, and telephonic services, in transit over their territory by virtue of the present Agreement, so far as concerns facilities, restrictions, and all other matters, at least as favourably as the persons, merchandise, ships, boats, carriages, wagons, postal, telegraphic, and telephone services of either nationality, origin, importation, ownership or point of departure, whether Polish or Danzig, whether enjoying more favourable treatment than

that accorded to Poles or Danzigers. Germany shall be under the same obligation in so far as transit of Polish or Danzig origin is concerned.

ARTICLE 2.

Goods in transit shall be exempt from all Customs duties and other similar duties.

ARTICLE 3.

With the reservation of special conditions of the present Agreement, no account will be taken during transit of the nationality of persons, nor of the origin of goods, nor of the nationality of the sender nor of that of the consignee.

ARTICLE 6.

Privileged persons while in transit shall be specially protected by the authorities of the country of transit. These persons, as well as their luggage, shall enjoy free transit except in the event of offence or crime committed by the said persons on the territory of the country of transit during their stay in such country.

Each of the governments concerned shall do what may be necessary in order to assure to persons hiring special trains or special parts of trains, every help and protection so that their personal or material rights are not submitted to any illegitimate restriction, and, above all, shall take care that no business of a political or a public character shall be the cause of any measure which might be prejudicial to them.

Stringent orders shall be issued by each Government, who shall recommend the police and local authorities to take care that the measures outlined in the preceding paragraph be carried out in the strictest manner and with the utmost tact. Every infraction of these orders shall be checked at once in order to make certain that it shall not be repeated in future.

ARTICLE 11.

Each contracting party shall have the right to refer any differences which may arise either in the interpretation or the application of the present Agreement to the decision of a permanent Arbitration Tribunal sitting at Danzig, which shall be constituted after the lapse of three months following the coming into force of the present Agreement.

The Tribunal shall decide between the litigants, basing its decision on the conditions of this Agreement, and on general principles of right and equity.

If there should be occasion for it, they shall be empowered to pronounce sentence with regard to reparations to be made to the injured party by the party who is recognized as responsible for an infraction of the conditions of this Agreement.

ARTICLE 97.

Travellers hiring trains or parts of trains intended for privileged transit shall not be required to provide themselves with passports, nor with proofs of identity of any kind.

The Problem of the Submarine

By Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

(Formerly Assistant Chief of Staff, Gibraltar and Admiralty War Staff, London.)

RECENT naval controversies in London, Washington, and Tokio have centred on the cruiser position of the five principal naval powers, England, France, the United States, Japan, and Italy. The new "Washington" type of cruiser of 10,000 tons has become the symbol of naval power, just as the dreadnought battleship was formerly the gauge of this power. But for a hundred years the safety of the British Empire has not been threatened by surface warships sailing, steam, or electric. The only serious threat in this period has come from *under-water* commerce-destroyers. It is this type of vessel, then in its rudimentary stages and since greatly improved and capable of still further development, that has once threatened our food supplies and our security.

The Great War should have taught the British public a very sharp lesson; but if that lesson was taken to heart it has since been forgotten. In the three full-dress Naval Debates, held during the session of Parliament which ended last month, in a House rich in naval war experience, and with the Admiralty representatives fortified by the advice of their own staff as well as that of the special Cabinet Committee set up to examine the whole naval position, little was heard of the submarine menace. And let no mistake be made. This menace is a very real one.

During the war the Germans realized the potentialities of the submarine too late; and when they had awakened to the possibilities of the submarine campaign their oversea bases had all been captured. They were handicapped by a lack of skilled personnel, as it takes many years of intensive training to turn out a really efficient submarine commander. As it was, a maximum of

twenty-five submarines at sea at a time kept engaged nearly 4,000 Allied vessels, great and small, from cruisers to armed trawlers, and, in spite of this and the wasteful and cumbrous convoy system forced upon the Allies, the Germans nearly succeeded in cutting off the vital supplies required for the Allied armies.

There is a school of naval thought in all the principal navies, but strongest perhaps in the French Navy, which considers that the day of the great surface warships is over, on account of the menace of the submarine and modern aircraft. But less is heard of this school in our own Navy at the present time owing to the great advance in inventions for destroying the submarine or nullifying the effect of her torpedoes. The larger surface ships themselves are much better constructed to-day to resist under-water explosions. The clumsy bulges extemporized on the outside of their hulls in the Great War have given way to neat internal bulges built into the hull of the vessel. Internal armour protects the magazines; and even the new 10,000-ton cruisers are supposed to be able to stand the explosion of four 21-in. torpedoes without sinking. Furthermore, the acoustic methods of locating submarines have been improved enormously and can be employed by torpedo-boat destroyers steaming at full speed. It is possible to get the direction of the under-water vessel; and two vessels working as consorts, and each getting their own line of direction can accurately judge the position of the under-water enemy. Once accurately located, her destruction or injury is only a matter of dropping sufficient depth-charges set to explode at different depths in the sea. Therefore from the point of view of modern warships the submarine danger, if not eliminated, is largely reduced. But it is greater than ever for the merchant ship. It is not possible to build bulges for the under-water protection of our mercantile fleet. The size, habitability, speed, and cruising powers of the modern submarine have been greatly improved. She can carry powerful guns mounted in armoured turrets. Her upper deck is armoured against the shells that ordinary merchant vessels can fire from their improvised armaments. So powerful is the battery of the larger ocean-going submarine cruiser that quite powerful vessels will

have to be detailed to convoy our merchant ships in any future war.

Let us look at the figures of the submarine fleets of the world :—

Great Britain	63	France	41
United States	118	Italy	43
Japan	51		

All these are fairly modern.

The numbers being built or projected are as follow :—

Great Britain	4	France	59
United States	15	Italy	20
Japan	28		

To the numbers of the British type building must be added the programme just approved by Parliament of twenty-four submarines by the spring of 1930. And there is already talk of still further additions to the submarine-building programmes of the other navies in answer to this new building programme. It will be seen from the above figures that the submarine building proceeding now in the world is very large and greater than that actually in progress at the outbreak of the Great War. The menace to England with her dependence on overseas supplies and her ocean-separated Empire is obvious.

Next, let us examine the submarine from the point of view of humanity and the laws of war. By the International Law of sea warfare, established and recognized for three hundred years, any cruiser, or even privateer, making a non-combatant vessel prize is responsible for the crew and passengers, especially non-combatants, being treated with humanity and removed to a place of safety if it is necessary to destroy the vessel. Strictly speaking, no merchant vessel should be destroyed in war-time unless she has been condemned by a properly constituted Prize Court. And the duty is laid upon the captain of the cruiser, or master of the privateer, to place a prize crew on board and navigate the capture into port for trial. If the vessel is to be destroyed on account of military exigencies, the crew must be removed to a place of safety. Neither of these duties can be performed by a submarine. She has no spare officers and men to form a prize crew. Nor can she take on board prisoners. Therefore, what must

happen where the nation employing submarines for commerce destroying has not command, or, at any rate, local command, of the sea, is that the vessel is destroyed out of hand and her crew and passengers left in open boats to make the best of their way to land. The cruelties of this practice were well illustrated in the last war. With the best intentions in the world it is well-nigh impossible for a submarine campaign against merchant shipping to be conducted in accordance with the laws of warfare and the dictates of humanity.

It was with this experience that the British Naval Staff put forward the demand at the Peace Conference in Paris in 1918–19, that not only Germany should be forbidden in the future to construct or own submarine vessels, but that the submarine be outlawed as a weapon of war and scrapped in all navies. But the demand was not put forward very energetically, and certain Continental Powers vetoed the proposal. The proposal was, however, re-presented at the Washington Conference of the principal naval powers in 1921, and received the active support of the American naval experts and also the approval of the Japanese. But again the European Continental Powers represented objected. If any further conference on naval armaments is held, and such further conference appears probable, it would be good policy for England to re-present this proposal after a careful education of international opinion. Any such reform would be of the greatest importance to the world, and particularly to the British Empire. If submarines are to continue to be built, anti-submarine vessels, special aircraft and mines must be in readiness to counter them in all navies. And a heavy expenditure must be added to the naval budgets of all the principal Powers, whose taxpayers already groan under their burdens. If we are to involve ourselves in Pacts of Security on the Continent, the least we can ask for is a Pact of Security for our sea-borne commerce; and this can best be given by an agreement to abolish the submarine once and for all.

It may be said: "Well, submarines can be constructed in secret or they can be built after war breaks out, and we should only be living in a fool's paradise." This is perfectly true. But although they may be constructed in

secret—and this will be difficult in view of the great size of the modern submarine cruiser—they can hardly take the seas and cruise in secret. And take the seas and cruise they must if the personnel is to be trained. Submarines without trained personnel are innocuous. Without sea training, and plenty of it, submarine crews cannot be made efficient. It takes some years for the most intelligent officer to be able to use a periscope with the skill necessary to make accurate torpedo attacks on moving targets in rough weather. Even if submarines are built after war is declared, and the crews then trained, the opposing powers would have a breathing space in which to prepare anti-submarine measures. Further, an open breach of International Law would have occurred, and the tearing up of treaties might well decide wavering neutrals or reluctant members of a League of Nations towards intervention.

On grounds of humanity, of preventing naval rivalries and the consequent dangers to the peace of the world, and for the sake of the taxpayers in all countries, it is to be hoped that this already twice-attempted reform can be brought to fruition.

The Man Who Sank the *Arcady*

By Sydney C. Grier

Author of "The Warden of the Marches," "The Strong Hand," &c., &c.

In the desolate winter landscape of Yaghistan—that maze of rocks without path and without plan, its sad hues relieved only by the snow lying wherever the scarp is not too steep—the survey camp was an oasis of life, civilization and comfort. The Empire was putting its house in order after the Great War, and this particular district was one of the little obscure corners which needed clearing up here and there. The surveying party was preparing an attack on the plateau above it, across which, in the summertime, infrequent caravans were wont to straggle, demonstrating triumphantly on what scanty pasture their skinny yaks and ponies could support life. Now it was a waste of whiteness, and on the morrow the snow would be hard enough for work to begin in earnest. Henderson, Captain of Sappers, the leader of the party, would work round to the right, since in that direction lay the winter settlement of one of the nomadic tribes with whom he alone could deal, thanks to years of hunting and exploring in the border wilds, and an inborn genius for making friends with their untutored rascalry. With him would go his subaltern, always known as Bloggs. It was not his name, but his term at the Shop had decided unanimously that his aristocratic cognomen was quite too beautiful and precious for daily use, and Bloggs he became and remained. The uninhabited country to the left fell to the lot of the other two men who, having masqueraded as Orestes and Pylades, and all the other pairs of classical friends anybody could remember, had settled down for good as David and Jonathan. Each division had its quota of Indian assistants, and carried with it instead of tents portable huts bought from the nomads—made of felt on a wooden framework, low, beehive-shaped, dingy-looking, but sufficiently spacious, and above all, warm. Coming back to camp from superintending the

erection of a cairn at some distance, the four Englishmen viewed these undignified dwellings with distinct affection. They were home.

"I say, by Jove, there's a man!" cried Bloggs.

So unusual here was this very ordinary sight that the rest turned eagerly in the direction in which he pointed. Undoubtedly there was a man, wearing the thick woollen garments and fur-edged cap of the wandering tribes. He stood on a projecting rock beyond the torrent which flowed noisily below them—its current too swift and strong to submit to the curb of the frost—scrutinizing the camp so intently that he had not noticed their approach.

"Let's give him a start—what?" cried Bloggs, who was young and thoughtless, and putting both hands to his mouth he uttered a yell which carried even across the roar of the river. The stranger jumped, slipped, lost his footing on the frosty rock, and fell headlong into the water.

"Bloggs, you idiot, you've done it now!" growled Henderson, but before the rest could recover from their dismay, Bloggs was already scrambling down the rocks, throwing off his heavy *poshteen* as he went. The current was sweeping the struggling man down towards him, but estimating with his eye the possibility of gripping him from the bank, he found it impracticable, and plunged boldly in. The icy chill of the water was beyond anything he could have imagined, but he succeeded in clutching the drowning man, whose hands were battling feebly with the stream. The other men were waiting for him a few yards lower down, where a point of rock ran out a little way—Henderson close to the water, holding out the folding tripod which he had snatched as the nearest substitute for a rope from the native carrying the theodolite, the others grasping his clothes firmly lest he also should be swept away. The current brought Bloggs and the man he held against the tripod, or he could never have buffeted his way to it. As it was, his freezing fingers could barely maintain their hold on the slippery wood, and Henderson had to lie down on the rock and drag him by main force into the little backwater beyond it, where the others could relieve him of the now senseless form of the man he had saved. He himself was unconscious by the time they

got him out, and the clothes of both were frozen when they were carried into camp.

The stranger recovered first under the vigorous measures of restoration directed by Henderson. He was clearly a European—lean, well-built, heavily bearded, clad in native dress from head to foot, but provided with a money-belt of Western manufacture. After the first wild glance round, there was a keen, even anxious, enquiry in the look he cast at his rescuers.

"Take him indoors, Jonathan, and get him into a flea-bag," ordered Henderson, still on his knees and busy with Bloggs.

"Ah-h-h—*drowned?*" So piercing and terrible was the whisper that David dropped the rough towel he was wielding, and even Henderson glanced round. The rescued man, supported by Jonathan and one of the servants, was shuddering away from Bloggs, utter fear and repulsion making his face more ghastly than before.

"Not a bit of it. Been nearer drowning than this," growled Henderson, and bent to his task again. "David, you fool, go on with that rubbing. I swear I saw a quiver."

He was right. Half an hour later Bloggs was sitting up and laughing weakly as he assured his friends, who were forcibly getting him to bed, that they ought to have known he was born to be hanged. It was by way of proving this, no doubt, that when the others were just going to sit down to dinner with their unexpected guest, Bloggs made his appearance on his bearer's arm, with a blanket gracefully disposed about him.

"Guest-night—what?" he observed airily, and though Henderson muttered darkly that he would put him under arrest for appearing at mess improperly dressed, Bloggs told him sweetly that was only his fun, and established himself, blanket and all, on a box by the stove. Unblushing curiosity about the rescued man was the magnet that drew him, and the stranger seemed quite ready to gratify it. He was an American, he said—and if a certain guttural quality in his voice would have inclined his hearers to prefix a hyphen and an adjective, they saw nothing unnatural in any man's hesitating to claim a German descent. By profession he was a wanderer—why,

he scarcely knew—trading a little here and there, but never remaining long in one place. 'It never done no good to me; but I can't drop it if I tried,' he quoted with a whimsical lift of the eyebrows. He knew all the cities of Central Asia, all the caravan routes, all the shrines, and he discoursed—with a detachment that was sardonic rather than humorous—on the changes weird and wonderful they were undergoing in the clash between iconoclastic Bolshevism and resurgent Islam. He had travelled by many dark and devious ways, and visited places not named in any recognized itinerary, so that it was far from clear how he had managed to get to Yaghistan. He was not there from choice, apparently; becoming separated from his caravan he had wandered on from one nomadic encampment to another. So he said, at any rate, and the more he talked—his light eyes flickering incessantly from face to face—the more his hosts failed to place him. A spy? but a German-American spying on the Border for the Bolsheviks sounded a little improbable. A bit mad—there was no doubt of that, or why should he spring upon them suddenly a panegyric of this chaos of hills and gorges, as compared with the spreading plains of the North, which he had crossed as far as the frozen tundra fringing the Arctic Ocean? He hated wide spaces, he said; they reminded him of the sea, of the horrible feeling you had of being at the bottom of a cup, with walls of water bounding you in on every side to the horizon.

"Never felt that myself," said Jonathan, a little puzzled. "Or have you been out in mid-ocean in a small boat?"

"The size of the vessel does undoubtedly make a difference," agreed the stranger. "But in the tundra I have noticed——" and on he went again, talking as if his tongue could never stop. Adventures without number he seemed to have had—naturally enough, in view of the places he had visited and the company he had kept—and unless his narratives were grossly exaggerated, he bore a charmed life. No one could vie with him in exciting experiences, though Henderson had sampled one front after another during the war, and David and Jonathan had known several fairly tight places. The stranger capped their stirring tales one by one, and Jonathan grew slightly huffy at last.

"Narrowest escape I ever heard of," he said—they were smoking now, and he spoke between puffs at his pipe—"fellow I knew—taken his berth in the *Arcady*—accident on Elevated Railroad—five weeks in hospital—beastly bad luck—*Arcady* torpedoed that voyage—won't beat that, I think?"

If the sudden silence that fell upon his friends—a silence that might be felt—had not warned him that he had said something wrong, the violent kick he received under the table from David would have done it. Henderson dashed into the breach with the tale of an air disaster in Mesopotamia, and the others breathed again. It was not until David tore himself away from the party to make the round of the camp, that Jonathan, accompanying him as usual, was able to put the question he desired.

"Seem to have put my foot in it by talking about the *Arcady*. How was that?"

"Why, you owl, do you mean to say you don't know all Bloggs's people were drowned in her? Father, mother and three sisters—father was something in the Embassy at Washington—and Bloggs saved; he was only a kid then, of course. Father's body was washed up days afterwards with a life-belt on—his hands were all smashed as if he had tried to climb into a boat and been beaten off—but the rest were never found. Henderson told me. I have an idea that he was sweet on the eldest girl—at any rate, he has been father and mother to Bloggs ever since."

"Jolly hard luck for the little beggar to lose everybody like that!" and for a moment both men's minds went back to those spring days when every tide brought to the Irish coast its harvest of corpses from the great liner, and the dead faces of women and children made horrible the smiling sea.

"What do you make of our—guest?" asked David abruptly, breaking the silence.

"German, of course. Soldier, I take it."

"No, sailor," said David decisively.

"Think so? I should have said army, if you ask me."

"Sailor's mouth takes quite a different line from a soldier's."

"Oh, if you caught him quiet long enough to spot that—and with that beard——"

"Another thing, too. See him with that footling coffee-machine of Henderson's—wanting to know how it worked? Naval man can never lose his interest in—what's the word?—gadgets."

"Engineer, eh? I should have said he was a pucca fighter."

"I haven't said he was a engineer—remember that. Naval man with an interest in machinery—that's as far as I go. Hullo, Wazir Ali! looking for your sahib? He has done a great deed to-day."

Bloggs's servant had appeared at the entrance of the hut his master shared with Henderson, and peered at them as they approached. He was a wrinkled old man of fabulous age—for a bearer—and cherished Bloggs as the apple of his eye. Bloggs tolerated the devotion kindly, and Wazir Ali's winter attire was fantastically diversified by three woollen scarves and a pair of cuffs knitted by request in gorgeous hues, in view of this journey, by aunts of his master at home. He spoke in a high cracked voice.

"Since my sahib did it, it was a great deed, sahib, but in any other man it would have been a fool's deed."

"Nay," said David. "Surely a life is a life?"

"The stranger's life was in no danger, sahib. It is written in his face that he is one of those against whom a doom has gone forth."

"A doom? But then he would have been drowned."

"Not so, sahib. There is a worse doom than death—the doom of those to whom it is not permitted to die."

"Silly old blighter!" muttered Jonathan, hurrying on. "Makes a man feel creepy. Flying Dutchman—what?"

"Wandering Jew, you mean. Old blitherer's a bit cracked," agreed David, and they stooped under the low doorway and returned to the festive board, to find Bloggs consumed with sleep, but still unable to tear himself from the conversation of the stranger. Certainly it seemed absurd to associate thoughts of doom with the man who was still talking as fast and as indefatigably as ever, as though he was perfectly ready to go on all night. Henderson interfered at last, and broke up the party with an apology, reminding the rest that they had to be at work early on the morrow. And as they rose from the

table, David saw what Wazir Ali had meant when he said that the stranger had doom written in his face. Through his eyes, quiet for an instant, there looked a soul in torment.

The accommodation in camp was limited, but room was found for the stranger in David and Jonathan's hut, which would just hold the three if one of them lay across the doorway. Both friends were anxious to claim this rather chilly position, but the stranger begged as a favour that he might be allowed to take it. He was apt to be a restless sleeper, he confessed apologetically, and lying here he would disturb the others less. There was the regulation grumbling about the cold, dying down into grunts and then into silence. Jonathan had insisted on handing over his sleeping-bag to the stranger, and perhaps his slumbers were lighter than usual. He found himself sitting up, listening with strained horror to a harsh voice at his feet.

"Gate? gait? what in the world's the fellow mean?" he demanded of himself. "A restless sleeper? I *don't* think!".

"*Geht*——" a sharp pause. "Down, dogs! down!" Or was it, "Drown, dogs! drown!"? The doubt struck Jonathan just as he was telling himself that the stranger was dreaming over again a fight with wild dogs on the outskirts of an Anatolian village, which he had described at considerable length during dinner.

"*Geht unter, Hunde!* Curse those screaming women —I shall never get their noise out of my ears. *Schlaget sie ab!* Will they never drown? *Schneidet ihnen die Hände ab!*"

Jonathan, sweating with horror, was aware that David had thrown back the flap of his sleeping-bag, and was sitting up beside him, struck to silence like himself. Both men could have cried out with relief when a voice outside said authoritatively, "Let me in, will you?"

They were still too paralysed to move, and the man who lay groaning and muttering at their feet could hardly have unbuttoned the felt curtain at the door, but after some fumbling it was pulled aside from without, and Henderson appeared in the opening, an electric torch in one hand and a tiny syringe in the other.

"Nerves a bit jumpy?" he said brusquely to the man who was regarding him with terrified eyes. "I don't want Bloggs waked up. Let me have your wrist."

"So small a dose?" pleaded the stranger piteously.

"That's all you'll get from me." There was something of ferocity in the tone. "Sorry to have disturbed you chaps with the light," and he was gone again, and the stranger was moaning fitfully. By degrees his moans died away into uneasy gasps.

"With the light!" muttered Jonathan, in clumsy sarcasm. "David, *what was the fellow saying?*"

"Don't know German," grunted David, and began to snore realistically.

"I say, you three look pretty cheap!" was Bloggs's morning greeting to his comrades when they met. He gazed at them in astonishment. "Anyone might think it was you that had been nearly drowned—what?"

"How are you feeling?" Henderson cut him short abruptly.

"What, *me?* Topping, thanks all the same."

"Well, you won't in a moment. But something has got to be done, and you must go through with it. We were talking of narrow escapes——" he addressed Jonathan, but raised his voice slightly—"I know no one who has had a narrower one than Bloggs here. When the *Arcady* was torpedoed he went down with her and came up again. That was what I meant when——"

"The *Arcady?* Oh, thou just God, here also!"

They turned sharply. Behind them the stranger's face was framed in the opening of the hut, livid in its pallor, the eyes bloodshot. Bloggs was speechless. Henderson looked round at him again.

"Yes, you have met before. This is the commander of the submarine that torpedoed the *Arcady*, Bloggs."

"And yesterday—I got him out—of the river." The words came slowly and perplexedly, as if Bloggs were just learning to speak.

"But we can put that right." Jonathan thrust in his oar. "This is No Man's Land."

"We aren't Huns," said David gruffly. The nickname of the old days came curiously to their ears.

"No, we don't murder unarmed men," said Henderson.

"You could not," said the stranger, as one stating an irrefutable fact. "There is no one able to kill me. The Turks tried it—the Bolsheviks, the anti-Bolsheviks—over and over again, but in vain. They expel me from their company, they drive me from place to place, but they cannot kill me."

"Then turn him out," urged Jonathan. "I suppose he can die, anyhow?" The stranger shook his head.

"Let Bloggs decide," said David.

"What do you say, Bloggs?" asked Henderson.

Bloggs turned a bloodless face towards them. "He has said it himself. Give him some food and let him take himself off out of this," he said hoarsely.

And the man who sank the *Arcady* went forth again into the waste.

Dot and Dash

By Cecil Headlam

Dot and dash, a dot for an eye and a dash for a limb, constitute the alphabet of primitive man. With these symbols, in his cave-dwelling days, he satisfied his artistic instinct by depicting upon the walls of his cavern the image of his kind, or of the creatures upon whom he preyed. Dot and dash, in these scientific times, form the alphabet of telegraphese, the ingeniously simple Morse code. Between the beginning of Art and the end of Science, dots and dashes find their place, too, in Literature. Recently, perhaps it may be thought, the place they have taken has been rather larger than that to which they are legitimately entitled.

It is natural for the tyro in the art of self-expression to use dashes freely. Most people commence author by keeping a diary, or scribbling a series of letters to a bosom friend. Many never attempt to go beyond this stage. But almost all who get so far fall naturally to underlining words, scoring a dash under phrases and sentences, either in order to convey emphasis and attract attention, or else with the idea of reproducing, so far as possible, the inflexions of the writer's voice, had the words been uttered. One knows the style: "I *hope* you will have a *very jolly* time!"

With increasing experience a writer learns that without underlining a word, or the use of italics, by which in print the scoring of a word is represented, the desired effect and emphasis may largely be attained by the exercise of craft in the selection and juxtaposition of words. The balance of a sentence, the choice and setting of an epithet, the placing of an adverb, the rhythm of a paragraph, the use of the right moment for inserting a short sentence—these and other devices give more subtly and with much more telling effect the results aimed at by the clumsy and exaggerated employment of dashes and italics. It must, however, be conceded that this view does not appear to be held by certain sections of

the popular Press. The trick of printing in italics almost every other sentence of a short article has been introduced of late, and apparently with success. For imitators are springing up on every hand. Whether this device is adopted with the object of impressing upon a vacuous public the foresight and profundity of the writer, or the point of his paragraph and policy, it is not necessary to inquire. But it must be confessed that the effect upon those who are accustomed to understand, and even to weigh what they read, is often singularly exasperating. "*There will be a General Election some day.*" True; but you catch yourself inquiring, was it really worth while to underline that announcement? Ere long the intelligent reader begins to resent the crude assistance offered to his understanding. On reflection, he perceives that he might have understood that remark equally well without the aid of italics. He then notices that the observation is not, perhaps, so profound as the author would have him suppose. Another italicized sentence catches his eye whilst he skims his paper, and attracts his attention, as it was intended to do, and he ends by feeling the same sort of indignation with the writer as is inspired in the more refined by the crude familiarity of a dig in the ribs. For some cultivated people consider themselves capable of perceiving a jest without the aid of a nudge from the perpetrator of it. They are apt to be annoyed with an author who relies too much upon mechanical aids to bring home his points, and who throws his winks and nods and gestures upon paper too freely in the form of dots and dashes and exclamation marks. They seem to feel his thumb jerking crudely at their ribs, and to hear him crying: "D'ye take, sir? D'ye take?" after utterance of the obvious.

Dots are less popular just now in Fleet Street than your dashes and italics. Dots are rather the darling resource of those writers of fiction who strive most earnestly to express the inexpressible; who aim at putting in all the tones and half-tones of a portrait, and at suggesting, not only the spoken word, but the hesitancies of speech, the barely-formed thought, the half-suppressed utterance of an idea, the growth of an impulse or emotion. These are they who fall back most frequently upon the

use of dots, just as an ordinary Englishman in his arm-chair at the club subsides upon grunts and "ers" . . . and "ahs" . . . To your subtle analyst of moods and motives dots come as handy as do words to the fecund purveyors of epithets and phrases, whose only difficulty is to emit sounds fast enough. Up to a point, of course, such a typographical device is a perfectly legitimate weapon in the armoury of a literary craftsman. Only let him be sure of his aim when he uses it. It is so disappointing to shoot at an intellectual and only to bring down a dullard. It is noteworthy that he who came nearest to achieving the impossible in the endeavour to express the inexpressible, triumphed over the temptation to rely overmuch upon the aid of the printer. Henry James succeeded in conveying in words and hinting in prose what minor artists are content to indicate by their dots, their dashes, and their spaces.

Still, one remembers that Laurence Sterne used dots and George Meredith defended them. These are facts which must give pause to anyone who is inclined to pronounce wholesale condemnation upon adventitious aids to literary expression. For no writer has surpassed, if any has equalled, Meredith in the art of suggesting the undertones of emotion and the elusive springs of caprice which govern the impulsive, intuitive mentality of a woman. In the course of his study of the love-story of Ferdinand Lassalle, after a characteristic passage in which, by the use of strings of dots, he hints at the hesitations of the uncertain heart, and suggests the clutching emotions and vacillating decisions of a woman enamoured of two lovers, each in a different way; it is thus that Meredith moralizes upon his printed page:

> Dots are the best of symbols for rendering cardisophistical subtleties intelligible, and as they are much used in dialogue, one should have now and then permission to print them. Especially feminine dialogue referring to matters of the uncertain heart takes assistance from troops of dots, and not to understand them at least as well as words, when words have, as it were, conducted us to the brink of expression, and shown us the precipice, is to be dull, bucolic of the market-place. (*The Tragic Comedians*, ch. vi.)

As for Sterne, whether we like or dislike him as a man, whether we are devoted admirers of his wit, or merely lovers of the Shandy brothers, nobody with any

sense of literary values can deny that as an artist Sterne stands second to none amongst English writers. No one shows a more inimitable felicity in producing a pungent effect by a few touches of exquisite precision. Yet this great master of language is precisely the writer who, to enhance his effects, to add to the point of his scintillating dialogue and bubbling wit, and to round off scenes so carefully worked up, and so convincing in their effect that they challenge comparison with the achievements of Shakespeare, uses the maximum amount of dots and dashes and asterisks. Sterne sprinkled dots as freely as he gushed tears. He smirked in asterisks and grimaced in dashes. Sterne's grimaces, indeed, owe a large percentage of their effectiveness to the printer upon whose aid he called without stint. Perhaps it is just the grimace in literature which does owe most to such adventitious aids. What would the *Sentimental Journey* be without its dots and dashes, brackets and stars? "Never let it be forgotten," observes the author of *Tristram Shandy*, "upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend." Certainly there was never a greater adept in the use of particles or in the art of saving his face with the aid of a dash. A dash is the sign manual of aposiopesis. But Sterne will give you, not one dash only, but twenty, if he incline that way; not three stars only, but thirty, if he judge that to be more suggestive. He will print three blank lines, or omit a whole chapter without a blush. Aposiopesis is the pervading trick of *Tristram Shandy*, as it supplies the smirking conclusion of the *Sentimental Journey*. It is always the author's intention to stimulate the reader's imagination to leap to the conclusion to which he points, "motley on back and pointing pole in hand," and to supply the words which he refrains from writing. He used words to lead us to the brink of expression; he shows us the precipice, and then runs away himself, taking refuge in dots. Then, as you stand upon the brink, he turns, like Deputy, to stone you. Like the author of *Jurgen*, who himself owes much to Sterne, he rends his laughing public, crying out that whereas he has depended upon the cleanliness of the reader's imagination, the world has found fault with him for leaving so many openings to

equivocal strictures. That is the impudent, ironical defence of one whose reticence is almost always impure, intentionally suggestive, and is conveyed through the medium of dots and dashes.

Sterne's tricks of style, or lack of style, and the plethora of dots and dashes which served him in place of a system of punctuation, did not escape the gibes and criticism of his contemporaries. His mechanical tricks of blank pages and disordered chapters were chastised as mere devices for supplying the deficiencies of his humour by one who was in many respects as great an artist as himself. Goldsmith was undoubtedly jealous of Sterne's resounding success. A genuine sentimentalist himself, he was revolted by the insincerity of the arch-professor of sentimentalism. Pure minded and pure in word, the indecencies of the suggestive parson nauseated him. Himself the exponent of supreme simplicity and perfection of style in writing, Sterne's ungrammatical, shapeless, uncompleted sentences jarred on Goldsmith's nerves as a literary craftsman. These resentments no doubt heightened his jealousy. His jealousy even led him to call his fellow-countryman a dull fellow, an estimate which provoked Dr. Johnson's generous and characteristic: "Why, no, sir!" And it inspired him to write his most bitter passage of satire:

> "Strokes, sir," he makes Mr. Fudge, the bookseller, say, when recommending one of his latest publications. "Do you call these dashes of the pen strokes?" replied the Citizen of the World, "for I must confess I can see no other." "And pray, sir," returned he, "what do you call them? Do you see anything good, nowadays, that is not filled with strokes —— and dashes? Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of our writers of modern humour." (*Citizen of the World*, Letter LI.)

The typographical tricks which Sterne developed and used so freely have found imitators ever since. Few writers have exercised so great and so lasting an influence upon the prose literature of their country as the author of *Tristram Shandy*. In these latter days Eighteenth-century literature is all the vogue. Writers find in the works of that period matter and style more akin to the outlook and tone of the present century than in those survivals of the preceding era which mainly interested the last generation. It is natural, therefore, that the devices of Sterne should be freely adopted. In

many cases this has not been done too well or too wisely. For some years after the war there was an invasion of dots into the pages of fiction so overpowering that it gave the impression that modern prose was suffering from chronic asthma. Besides the function which Meredith assigned to them, well-timed dots may certainly produce, as Sterne had shown, the neat effect of indicating an author's shrug of the shoulders. They take the place of the gesture that accompanies the spoken word, or the chuckle that heralds or concludes the uttered innuendo. But dots were now pressed into another service. Roused by the competition of the films, modern authors called upon dots to provide them with an equivalent of the cinema fade-out. As Mr. Barry Pain has happily explained: "Those dots prolong the effect of a word or sentence; they lend it an afterglow. You see what I mean? Afterglow. . . ."

Thus the drain upon the printer's stock of dots has grown heavier and heavier. Lord Thurlow, it used to be said, looked wiser than any man ever really was. The troop of dots that confronted the reader on every page of post-war fiction provoked the suspicion that authors were appearing more subtle and allusive than it was possible really to be. Reading them aloud, in the sincere attempt to do them full justice, one found it necessary to drop the voice and finish many sentences in a whisper. To convey the subtlety of their wit and the full aroma of their suggestiveness, the cultivation of a chronic wheeze seemed to be indicated. You lived amidst the whispering of the stars in the twilight of the Gods. Yet the thought would return, though you expelled it with the pitchfork of appreciative reverence, no one could really be so witty and elusive as those dots would have you believe. Were not your whisperings and wheezes giving these good authors credit for a whimsicality and suggestiveness that were really beyond them?

Apart from the three-dot trick there are one or two other mechanical devices beloved of modern authors. In the first place, not content with dividing their books into chapters, they divide their chapters into sections. It is not necessary to insist upon the immense significance of this brilliant dodge, its manifold importance, the

majesty and *vraisemblance* it lends to a story, or the transcendent originality by which it clearly marks an epoch in our literature. Another peculiarity of the moderns is the truncated sentence and staccato style. Nobody can escape it now. However much they may dislike it. Dislike it immensely. As much as the telephone. Find it dull and ugly. Boring. . . . This trick, also, involves a large expenditure of dots.

The unrelieved hurry of short sentences is a negation of all style. It sacrifices deliberately all the rhythm, music, and charm of prose writing, and restores us at one fell swoop to the artistic level of the dots and dashes of the cave-dweller or the Morse code. The same amount of literary pleasure is to be derived from reading a book written in this style as from driving a car over a road full of pot-holes, or living over a tube station and counting the trains that pass below. It is a bobbed style that came in with bobbed hair. Some have attributed this gasping way of writing to the excessive use of cigarettes promoted by the war. Or was it due to the impression made upon minds none too stable by the electric advertisement signs which dot and dash the heights of Trafalgar Square and dazzle the depths of Piccadilly? There is, perhaps, something closely analogous in the style of the very modern novelist and that of the electric sign-writer. They are both so fussy, jerky, breathless, and over-emphatic.

There is a new tendency in some quarters to discard the use of capitals. We do not know whether this departure has any literary significance. It may be part of a considered scheme for equalizing values, or it may be a great democratic gesture, which indicates the equality of men, or proclaims the submission of the individual to the State by writing the personal pronoun with a small "i." Or is it merely a reversion to the dots and dashes of the cave-dweller, a literary echo of that revolt against the toothbrush and its users which is the keynote of a Bolshevik age? It is, at any rate, a curious fact that the conscientious endeavour to achieve originality does so frequently result in the adoption of the mistakes and crudities of the uneducated and unskilled.

But we must not exaggerate the modernity of these

tricks. The pages of *Pickwick* are there to prove that Alfred Jingle lived before the Georgians and their pom-pom style. The opening chapters of *Handley Cross* show how Surtees could avail himself of all the resources of typography to impart to his readers the excitement of the chase.

Not less than unsophisticated letter-writers who endeavour to express their feelings by the frequent underlinings of what they have written, experienced artists and colourmen in words find themselves confronted with the problem how to express through the medium of the printed page the sounds, inflexions, pauses, and stresses of the human voice. In order to represent how such a one spoke, or to indicate how a poem is intended to be stressed, they are often tempted to invade the province of the gramophone or wireless. By the use of dots and dashes, blanks and asterisks, and by the arrangement of type and spacing, some have tried to evolve, as it were, a system of notation for the printed word. It is probably wiser to take a hint from a legal document, which aims at being clear in meaning and correct in law without the aid of punctuation, dots or dashes of any kind. The great poet will write a lyric that sings itself. The great prose-writer will compose his sentences so that they compel the reader to pronounce them aright by their very structure and innate rhythm. It is more than doubtful whether the second-rate artist, with whatever devices he may print and space his compositions, will succeed in making the world bother to pronounce according to his fancy what it does not think it worth while to hear.

Transatlantic discarders of capitals have also recently shown an inclination to revive the worn-out plan of spacing poems after the manner in which certain Continental poets made experiments some twenty years ago. It is an imposing idea, a notion that has its fascination and obvious advantages.

To be

or

not to be,

that

is the

question.

And so forth.

It is hardly to be hoped that the editor, however modern his sympathies, will permit the setting out of the whole of this passage in the modern way. If only he would, the critic would gladly indicate to the reader his idea of how the poet intended that his words should be stressed and pauses made, not only in this passage, but throughout his plays. If only he would, we might have occasion to quote Calverley again on an ampler theme :—

> Excuse me, sir, I think I'm going mad.
> You see the trick on't though, ...
> It takes up about eighty thousand lines
> A thing imagination boggles at,
> And might, odds-bobs sir, in judicious hands
> Extend from here to Mesopotamy!

The dodge of blank spaces was, as we have seen, used by Sterne. Sheridan gibes at "the beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin." But though the meadow may sometimes be too large, we would not encourage excessive agorophobia in printers. Wide margins warm the book-lover's heart with a sense of luxury and contentment which the text does not always promote. Those empty spaces, too, have their uses, and blank pages their value for the uninitiated or the irreverent. Is not the scoffer thereby supplied with the jest made to his hand that the spaces are the best part of the poem, just as the intervals between the acts are the bright passages in a boring play? The unappreciative can enjoy themselves upon the broad margins of a book as the crew rejoiced in the Bellman's map "representing the sea, without the least vestige of land." The absence of dots and dashes will not worry them, for with the Hunters of the Snark they will be inclined to agree that "they are merely conventional signs," and that "a page without print is one we can all understand."

Lim Sin, the Wily Chinee

A True Story

By Captain H. Lucy

MANY years ago I left a big shipping company in the East to join the Imperial Chinese Preventive Service. My duties were principally to prevent the importation of contraband opium and to seize any junks suspected of being engaged in this highly profitable business. At that time a very big trade in contraband was being carried on by daring and resourceful smugglers.

I was given command of the cruiser *Kwangse* of about 600 tons, carrying a crew of thirty-five all told, and four small guns, two mounted for'ard, one on the port, and one on the starboard. These were meant to fire upon and sink junks suspected of being smugglers, unless they hove to when signalled to do so.

My naval chief was the Chinese Admiral Tong and I was responsible also to Mr. Robert Hart, afterwards Sir Robert Hart, Chief Commissioner of Chinese Customs.

The *Kwangse* steamed fourteen knots, but in a heavy sea we had to slow down to eight or be swamped. Many sea-going junks could sail thirteen and fourteen knots and, with the wind in their favour, generally showed us a clean pair of heels.

My orders were to cruise from the Canton River to Swatow and then make my report to the senior naval officer; thence the next day, or night, to Amoy, Foochow, Wenchow, and Ningpo. At each of these places I had orders to make a written report as to whether I had sighted any junks, or seized any opium, which was the most important contraband we were after.

It was estimated that the loss to the Chinese Customs was more than a million pounds in a year through opium being smuggled into China. The smuggling of opium was carried on by two kinds of junks. The big sea-going vessels drawing six or seven feet of water, when loaded, and the river junks which drew not more than three.

All round the coast of China are numerous creeks and

rivers, which enabled the shallow river junks to escape from the cruisers with ease. The sea-going junks generally transhipped their cargo of opium to river junks during dark nights, or unloaded in little sheltered coves and bays hidden by rocks.

A notorious smuggler named Lim Sin was wanted, very badly, by the Customs Department. A great number of preventive officers had chased his junk but she always disappeared between Swatow and Amoy.

On two occasions cruisers had been within a mile of the junk, but she disappeared between the rocks, and, although they had lowered boats and searched for days, not a trace of the junk could be found. Five thousand pounds reward was offered to the crew of any cruiser who captured Lim Sin, and out of this sum the captain was to receive one thousand and his two officers five hundred each.

I had received special instructions to patrol between Swatow and Amoy and be on the alert day and night for Lim Sin, who was known to have aboard his junk five tons of Bengal opium. The value of this landed in China would be about one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, Bengal opium in China being then a guinea an ounce. The bonus to me of 5 per cent. of the value, about nine thousand pounds, would enable me to go home and marry and bid good-bye to the sea for ever.

We kept a good look-out, for the crew also knew that a big bonus would be theirs if we captured Lim Sin, and all were very excited at the prospect of a fight. Lim Sin was, however, a fighter and would not be captured easily. It was suspected that Mandarins and Tokays helped him and, no doubt, in the course of a year, Lim Sin paid many thousands of pounds in bribes. The Mandarins and others who received these bribes were quite sure that Lim Sin, if captured, would never give them away, for one trait in the Chinese character is never to round on your pals —and a Chinaman will suffer death rather than give his confederates away.

Lim Sin's junk had been seen off Macow, and it was near there he received the opium from a tramp steamer of unknown nationality.

We had been three weeks on the look-out, and I had

almost given it up as a bad job and thought he must have got in and landed the opium during a very dark night. One morning, however, at daybreak, there was his junk about five miles off making for the place, about six miles farther, where she was known to have disappeared so often before. I gave orders to the engineer to drive the *Kwangse* along as quickly as she could go. I knew we could not overtake her, but I was in hopes we might get near enough to find her hiding-place. The wind was a bit against the junk and we got to within three-quarters of a mile of her and fired two shots, but both went wide, and she disappeared between two rocks as she had done on several occasions. We didn't dare to venture between the rocks with the cruiser, but, having found anchorage, we lowered three boats. I was in one with six men, my second in another, and the bo'sun in the third.

We were all well armed and ready for the brush with Lim Sin if we could find him, but when we got through the channel between the rocks there was no sign of the junk.

I had a consultation with my second officer and the bo'sun and it was decided that one boat should go back to the cruiser and bring provisions for the day and night and instruct the chief officer to signal any steamer that passed to make a report, either in Amoy or Swatow, that we had run Lim Sin to earth, but had not located his hiding-place.

We searched between rocks and up creeks most of the day with no success. The disappearance of the junk was so mysterious that I was beginning to think Lim Sin was the devil himself, when I saw the second officer, whose boat was about a quarter of a mile away, making signals to me. I gave orders to row to his boat and, as we got near, I noticed he was very intently looking through binoculars at a big rock about half a mile distant. As the boats touched he leaned towards me and, as he handed me his binoculars, said, "We have him now, sir, look at that big rock and see what you make of it."

After looking at the face of the rock for about a minute I saw something move. Then I knew we had found Lim Sin's hiding-place. The front of the rock was covered with canvas, painted the same colour as the rock, and no

doubt behind that canvas was a big cave into which the junk had sailed at high tide. By a mistake, in their hurry, one corner of the lower part of the canvas had not been made fast, and the wind had moved it whilst the second officer was looking at the rock through his binoculars.

We were twenty-one all told, but experience taught me it would be madness to attack Lim Sin, who had, probably, a hundred men, well armed, and in a strong position.

I sent the bo'sun with three men back to the cruiser with instructions to the chief officer to signal any passing steamer to ask the Naval Officer at Swatow or Amoy to send me assistance at once, and that we had found Lim Sin's hiding-place, but were too weak to attack.

The canvas didn't move again, so they must have made it fast, and, no doubt, understood by our boats waiting near that we had located them. They would probably attack us, being such a small party, so we got the boats between a couple of rocks and kept a good look-out all night; but they didn't attack; they were too busy getting the opium away as we found out later.

At noon the next day we were reinforced by two Revenue cruisers, with Chinese in command. So with nine boats, mounting two small guns from the cruiser, with sixty-three of us, we decided to attack. At five hundred yards we opened fire with the two guns, and the canvas was soon in ribbons.

There was the junk right enough, and her deck crowded with men. They fired volley after volley at us, but the first two or three hurt no one.

We rowed steadily on, firing with our rifles and the two guns, and we could see that the shots from the guns hit the junk almost every time. The tide was out, and we grounded about a hundred yards from the cave.

By this time we had a few killed and wounded; amongst the latter my second officer, who was hit in the shoulder, but he still carried on.

We decided to charge them, and when the smugglers saw us leave the boats and form up to charge, they swarmed down the sides of the junk and disappeared. When we got inside the cave and our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, not a man could be seen. All

round the sides of the cave a road had been cut, something like a railway cutting round a mountain, and at the far end of the cave, which was about four hundred feet long and quite fifty feet high, the light showed another entrance.

We searched the junk and found nine dead bodies and seven men wounded, but not a sign of opium, except a very strong smell of it.

At the far end of the cave steps had been cut to the top of the rock, and the entrance had been covered with canvas similar to the main entrance. From the top of the rock there was a fine view of the country, and with binoculars some of the smugglers could be seen about two miles away.

We burnt the junk, but Lim Sin had escaped, and the opium had disappeared. A watch was kept on the cave for months, but none of the smugglers were seen there again.

The Chinese Government gave us a fairly large reward. My share was five hundred pounds, and my second officer justly received the same, as it was he who discovered the cave.

Six months afterwards Lim Sin again got to work, and was known to have landed two lots of opium within three months. I was again put on his track with a description of his new junk given me, and in case of Lim Sin being captured, dead or alive, the rewards were to be doubled all round. We cruised up and down the coast for months, and still Lim Sin landed opium with impunity. The weather had been dirty for a week, but one afternoon the sun came out and the air was quite clear.

We had almost given up the idea of seeing his junk, when our look-out reported two junks in a little bay about four miles away on our port bow. I hurried up to the foretop, and with binoculars made out one to be Lim Sin's. As soon as they saw us, one made sail and went away at about twelve knots an hour. The other remained at anchor. We went after the one that cleared, which we took to be Lim Sin's, and overhauled her in about four hours. When we boarded her there was no sign of opium, not even the smell of it, and her hold was full of cargo, principally Manchester piece-goods, loaded at Hong Kong.

When I asked the captain why he made sail on sighting us, he simply said, "Me no run away, weather now velly fine, I want makee Amoy soon."

In answer to my inquiry about the other junk, his bland reply was, "Me no savvy her. I think she opium ship."

We lost no time getting to the cruiser, and we steamed back as quickly as possible to where the junks were anchored—but of the second, there was no sign. I had been done. The one that cleared was a decoy, and the one that remained at anchor was Lim Sin's, and he landed a hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of opium.

When I made my report to Admiral Tong he almost burst his sides laughing. "When you see a Chinaman," said he, "never trust to appearances. As for Lim Sin, the Government is thinking of pensioning him off so as to stop the smuggling, for two-thirds of all contraband opium landed in China is the work of Lim Sin."

I was the laughing-stock of the Chinese Navy, and was known afterwards as "The captain who ran after Lim Sin's shadow." As I had come to the conclusion Lim Sin would never be caught, I had an interview with Admiral Tong, and told him that I was about tired of it and had decided to give up the job. "Don't do that," said the Admiral, "I have recommended you to have your salary increased the end of this year by one hundred, and on the first of next year you will patrol the West River. Two years on the coast is quite long enough for any one. As for that joke about Lim Sin's shadow, they call me *Te cheet neet* (in English, lopsided), and I laugh at it." Admiral Tong was a bit lopsided, but he was a first-class naval officer and a good man all round. He was liked by all, and many a glass of the real stuff have I had in his cabin.

Now a hundred pounds was not to be laughed at, so I thanked the Admiral and decided to carry on. Two months after this Lim Sin's junk was sunk by Captain Brown of the Revenue cruiser *Foochoo*, and it was reported that Lim Sin and all hands were drowned. Captain Brown didn't receive the reward, however, as he failed to produce Lim Sin's body.

When I had been on the West River three months it was

reported that opium to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds had been landed somewhere up the river. The work was suspiciously similar to Lim Sin's, as he was known to deal only in large quantities. The Customs Department had thousands of spies round the coast of China, but these men never gave evidence in court. Had they done so, their lives would not have been worth ten minutes' purchase. They gave the Customs Department very valuable information, and very seldom was it not known when a smuggling junk had received a cargo of opium. But where it was intended to land it they never knew—with the exception of Lim Sin not one smuggler was known to land his opium anywhere the second time. And since Lim Sin's cave had been found he had never done so either.

It was rumoured that Lim Sin was not dead. Some people said that they had seen his spirit on the West River. However, opium on a big scale was being landed up the river, and I had given me the description of a junk, which was believed to have received ten tons transhipped from a steamer somewhere off the coast of Formosa, transhipped again to a river junk.

We cruised about the mouth of the river for three weeks, and at times patrolled inland about twenty miles. One night there was a very thick fog, which smugglers liked, and we anchored in a small bay out of the way of small river craft, which came down in hundreds, fog or no fog. The next morning the fog had gone, and the captain of a West River steamer slowed down as he passed and asked me what I was waiting for. When I told him, he said, "Well, I think I can put you on her track. We passed a junk similar to the one you are after away up the river about three miles this side of Te Che Ze (haunted creek). So you had better get a move on."

I thanked him, and did get a move on. The haunted creek was about thirty miles distant, and with the strong current against us it would take us four hours to get there. We reckoned that the junk would then be not more than twenty miles ahead and we should overtake her about two o'clock. The haunted creek runs inland for about six miles, and takes such a bend that for about four miles it runs almost parallel with the river. When we got

to this part our look-out man reported that he could see the topmasts of a junk through the trees anchored up the Te Che Ze. I felt sure he was mistaken, as no boats of any kind were ever known to go up this creek, day or night. Boats and junks passing the mouth of the creek by night gave it a wide berth, lighted joss sticks and beat drums to drive the devil away. However, to make sure, my second officer and I went up to the fore-top and, with the help of binoculars, made out a junk anchored about five miles up the creek, where the banks are about fifty yards apart, in about five fathoms of water, according to the Survey Department; but I believe it was guesswork about the depth of water, as no chart of the creek could be found.

What a junk was doing up the haunted creek was more than we could understand, when it was dreaded so much. Apparently this junk's crew didn't believe in devils.

A mile farther on we got a clear view of her, and she was the very one we were after. The bo'sun, a very intelligent Chinese, said there was no place near the creek for many miles where opium could be disposed of, and ten tons of opium was not easily hidden. However, we decided to steam slowly up the creek, board her and make a search. So with the lead line going the whole time we found plenty of water, and dropped anchor about a hundred yards from the junk. We lowered two boats with ten men in each, my chief officer in one and I in the other, rowed to the junk and hailed her. "Goodee morning, sir," said a Chinaman, looking over the side, "you wantee come aboard?"

"Yes, John," I said, "put over two ladders, one on the port and one on the starboard," for we needed two ladders to enable us to board her both sides in case of treachery.

When we got aboard all was very quiet. I asked for the captain and was told he was at chow chow, but "bime bime" coming. Ten minutes afterwards a fine-looking Chinaman came on deck. He was a handsome man, quite six feet, and very broad-shouldered.

In pidgin-English (which appeared feigned) he said, "Goodee morning, captain, you comee buy cloth?"

"No, John," I said, "I no come buy cloth, I come search opium."

"Opium," said the captain, "this no opium junk, that work velly bad ; I makee cloth trade, I go Kee Chang."

"Well, John, I must search, so take off the hatches and we'll get to work."

When the hatches were taken off the smell of opium was so strong that we felt quite dizzy, and we made sure opium was below. When we got there we found no opium, only four hundred bales of Manchester cloth consigned from Hong Kong to a shopkeeper at Kee Chang, but plenty of cargo space where the opium had been.

"Well, John," I said, "what have you done with the opium ?"

"Opium?" returned John. "Me no do this bad work."

"Well then, what about the smell ?"

"Ah !" said John, "before this captain he velly wicked man ; he do opium work."

"And how long you command, John ?"

"I command, sir, five years."

"Well then, John, this opium smell last long time !"

"Yes, sir, velly long time, sometimes twenty years."

He had very cleverly done us in the eye, but how was a mystery. I asked him why he came up this creek when the devil was here.

"Oh !" he said, "that all right. To-mollow very big day that village over there," pointing to a village three miles away, "and all my crew that their home. To-mollow they make sing-song ; next day we go Kee Chang."

I knew that all he said was lies, but I admired him for the way in which he had managed to get the weather side of us. The second day he lifted his anchor, and it was known that he landed his cargo of cloth three weeks afterwards at Kee Chang.

I received instructions to have the creek watched both sides, and to visit the watchers once a week and take their report. At the end of three months the watch was withdrawn and the opium was given up as lost, but it was not known to have been landed anywhere, and the spies reported that it was hidden on the Island of Formosa.

Six months afterwards, as the cruiser was passing the mouth of the haunted creek, a big sampan, with three Chinese in it, was seen to be making signals to us. We slowed down and put a ladder over the side and two of the Chinese came aboard. One of them, whom, by his dress, I took to be a Tokay, said he would like to see me in private. When I had taken him into the chart room he asked me if I would like to make a seizure of three boxes of opium. "Yes, I would," I replied; "but of course you want your price?"

"Yes. I want one hundred pounds for the information."

The value of three boxes of opium would be two thousand four hundred pounds. Two-thirds of the value of opium seized to the amount of three thousand pounds was divided amongst the crew of the cruiser who made the seizure. Above three thousand and up to forty thousand the crew got ten per cent. The captain got one-fourth. In this case my share would be four hundred pounds, and two hundred to each of my officers. I told the Tokay that I hadn't nearly so much money with me. He said that didn't matter, and he was quite agreeable to wait till it was convenient for me to pay him. When I asked him where the opium was, he surprised me by saying it was up the haunted creek.

It was decided we should steam up the creek, and drop the anchor about where we had anchored when we were there before. The Tokay said he would be on the bank waiting for us, but he would not venture on the creek for a thousand pounds. We steamed up the creek, and after dropping anchor the chief officer and I were rowed ashore to where the Tokay was waiting.

"Now, Captain," said the Tokay, "if you will drag the bottom between these two trees, you will fish up the opium in three watertight boxes, and I will explain to you how the commander of that junk fooled you."

The four hundred cases of opium which he had had aboard were soldered up in watertight tin boxes before the junk entered the river. To each box was attached a line, and to the other end a float. All the lines were again made fast to a thicker line, which was a little longer than the breadth of the creek. One end of this line was made

fast to the roots of a tree about two feet underneath the water. The other end was made fast the other side of the creek in a similar way but a foot deeper in the water. When the rope was pulled tight, the floats were pulled underneath the water three feet, when the rope was slack the floats came to the surface. The junk was between the cruiser and the floats. All this was prepared by the captain of the junk a long time before he sailed up the river, and he had also been up the creek some weeks before and made his plans.

Three days after we withdrew our watchmen, a peaceful-looking trader junk (the same junk) had sailed up the creek, and during the night fished up all the boxes of opium with the exception of three. The lines of those three had not been made fast securely, and they parted from the boxes. It was near morning when they had fished up three hundred and ninety-seven boxes, so the captain decided not to trouble about the other three. The whole was landed at Hang Fo, fifty miles up the river, while the junk we had been kind enough to take in tow for a few miles and the one that lifted the opium was the same, the captain being no other than our old friend, Lim Sin.

"How could that be, Tokay?" I asked, "as he went down with his junk a year ago."

"No, sir, he and all his crew got away in boats during the bad light, and at the present time Lim Sin is in Hong Kong, and as long as he remains there our Government has agreed to pay him one thousand pounds a year."

This news explained why no big lots of opium had been landed in China during the last few months.

We fished up the three boxes and when I received my reward I sent the Tokay one hundred pounds. Soon afterwards I sent in my resignation, as the prize I had hunted for three years was gone.

Lim Sin made seventy-five thousand pounds out of his last cargo. Had he not decided to retire he would have been obliged to pay away in bribes, out of this amount, quite sixty thousand. My friend, the Tokay, was to have received five thousand, and the Mandarin of the province forty thousand.

Six months afterwards I was in Hong Kong, waiting to book a passage to Australia, where I was to take over command of a fore-and-aft schooner trading amongst the islands of the Pacific. The Hong Kong races were on, and I had been given a tip for the Governor's Cup. Whilst I was looking at a bookmaker's board to see where I could get the longest odds, a very tall Chinaman came near and asked me if I would like a few good tips. "I should very much," I replied, "as money is a bit scarce."

"Well," said the Chinaman, "I want to do you a good turn, as I have done you a few bad ones, so put all your money on Fiery Cross for the Cup. The loss shall be mine if he fails to come in."

He spoke English quite fluently, and although I seemed to have seen him before, I couldn't place him.

I did put all my money on Fiery Cross and won five thousand dollars.

I met the Chinaman again after the race, and when I told him I thought he should share my winnings, he laughed, and said he had won fifty thousand on the race. "But," I said, "who are you that takes so much interest in me?"

"Someone you tried to catch lots of times," he laughed. "Lim Sin!" I then recognized him, and after we had shaken hands and had a drink he gave me his address and an invitation to dinner the next evening. He had a most beautiful house facing the sea and very richly, but not vulgarly, furnished. There were six more Europeans at the dinner. One of them was the Government Advocate.

Of all the many dinners I have eaten, not another has equalled Lim Sin's. We had birds'-nest soup, costing ten guineas each, nest-pickled sharkfins and eggs twenty years old, soup made of bêche-de-mer caught thirty years before, a variety of most delicious curries, a boar's head and a sucking pig, roasted as only Chinese know how to roast. In fact, there were quite fifty dishes to choose from. For drinks we had Imperial Tokay, a hundred years old, costing twenty guineas a bottle.

Lim Sin was then thirty-five years of age. He had married fifteen years before a Straits-born Chinese woman. She was a very nice-looking and well-educated lady. They had three sons and two daughters who were

being well educated, and Lim Sin intended to send them to England when old enough.

After dinner, when we had all gathered on the front veranda, smoking expensive Havana cigars and sipping Tokay, Lim Sin amused us for hours telling us of his wonderful escapes from the Revenue cruisers. He calculated that during twelve years he had made from opium smuggling quite a million pounds, but out of this enormous sum he had paid in bribes seven hundred thousand, three hundred thousand of which found its way into the coffers of the Empress Dowager through her Chief Eunuch, called The Man of the Last, who was the real ruler of China. In his young days, and before the Empress cast her eyes on him, the Chief Eunuch had worked as a shoemaker, hence his name.

The Man of the Last! He was then a great man in China and it was at his suggestion that the Chinese Government decided to grant Lim Sin a pension, on the understanding he lived in Hong Kong and had nothing more to do with opium. I believe they paid the pension nearly thirty years.

When I asked him how he managed to escape when his junk was sunk by Captain Brown, he said it was a very simple matter. He had landed his cargo of opium and knowing the cruiser would overtake them, they altered her course to almost right angles, lashed the tiller and lowered boats on the off-side to the cruiser and all got away, aided by the dull light. The junk, at the time, was only about two miles from the coast.

Lim Sin had arranged for a pension for all his men or their widows. He himself had invested a quarter of a million in British Consols. His two officers were living with him, and drew money from his bank at any time they wished.

We broke up at two o'clock in the morning, and I shall never forget Lim Sin's dinner and interesting stories. He was very charitable and kind to the poor of Hong Kong. Chinese maidens in their love songs of heroes often sing of Lim Sin.

A Free Alsace

By B. S. Townroe

One of the most usual questions asked by those who return from a journey in Alsace is: "Do you find the Alsatians anxious to return to the more efficient administration of Germany?"

The only possible reply must be that Alsace is delighted to be free once more, and that it is a fallacy to assume that German administration is necessarily efficient. After recent conversations with all sorts and conditions of men and women in the recovered province, I could find no trace whatsoever of a desire on the part of any member of the community to have any further personal experience of the German bureaucracy, although it is true sometimes complaints arise against certain aspects of French administration, notably of high taxation, too many officials, and anti-clericalism.

Answering the question as to the difference in the conditions of life under a Kaiser and under a President, the following conversation may be regarded as typical of the views expressed by various Alsatians with whom I have discussed the matter.

"We are free to-day. Up to 1918 we lived in a state of semi-slavery, governed by Prussians who had no sense of humour! There was a Swiss once at Mulhouse who one evening imbibed a little too freely, and insisted on the band in the café, where he was enjoying himself, playing the 'Marseillaise.' For that demonstration the machinery of the law was put in motion, and the whole department suffered! The Germans were like that.

"They had, moreover, no tact, and no appreciation of our point of view. The Kaiser made a great fuss because Alsatian deputies were allowed to sit in the Imperial Parliament, in the Reichstag. But several of these deputies objected very naturally to the presence of a large picture hung above the seat of the President,

representing William I, Bismarck, and Moltke riding on the battlefield of Sedan. In the front of the picture there was depicted a German soldier carefully laying down a French flag so that the war-horse of the Emperor could trample on it! It is little wonder that our representatives considered such a painting insulting, but it was only removed after a succession of protests.

"As you know, monsieur, I was a wine grower, with vineyards above Riquewihr. Our trade association found that our vintage wines from the Vosges, in spite of their excellence, were not being sold in Germany, and that wines from the Rhine and the Moselle were being pushed on every opportunity. A few of us then decided that we would invite members of the Reichstag to taste our wine, and we placed at their disposal no less than 1,500 bottles. The members were invited to a reception. On the tables the bottles with their gold helmets were drawn up in thirty-two different batches, as there were thirty-two different vintages. The function started at 8 p.m., and was attended by the Chancellor, the Secretary of State, members of the Federal Council, and the deputies of all the groups, regardless of all partisan divisions. In all about 300 persons were there. They continued steadily drinking until 4 o'clock in the morning, when 1,400 bottles were emptied! As the wines contained between 10 and 11 per cent. of alcohol, you can imagine, Monsieur, what miracles of good feeling were produced! Socialists hob-nobbed with princes. Many deputies in the early hours of the morning could be seen tenderly embracing trees on their way home. In fact, the reception was a great success, but it did not bring a single order from those present, or from the restaurant keepers of Berlin! We need the French to appreciate unadulterated wines!

"Apart from business we had a good deal of trouble under Germany, because so little opportunity was given to our young men to attain to higher positions. In 1904 the Minister of War from Berlin issued a regulation that 50 per cent. of the small official posts in Alsace-Lorraine were to be reserved for non-commissioned officers belonging to other confederated States. This was done in order to colonize Alsace with those of German race, and so that our young men had little chance to rise in the Civil Service.

"It was the same in the army. Naturally, all our young men were subject to conscription, and in 1871 the mere threat of military service in the German army led to the emigration of thousands of lads. For forty years after that, in many Alsatian families, as soon as the sons came of military age, it was the rule that they should go to France and join the French army, although it meant that in all probability the Germans would refuse them passports to re-enter Alsace, and thus they were exiles. In the French army serving during the war there were no fewer than 150 generals who were natives of Alsace-Lorraine, and had been given their chance in France.

"In certain cases, however, special efforts were made to win over Alsatians. There is the well-known case of a M. Gunzert, an Alsatian who allowed himself to be made a magistrate, and was given numerous decorations. But as soon as he became the chairman of a committee to support the raising of a monument to the memory of French soldiers who fell in 1870, he found himself suspected and insulted. At last, weary of the German régime, he declared: 'It is impossible to be on good terms with these brutes.'

"You must remember that there were different periods and policies adopted during the years of annexation, and for some years, up to 1894, there existed what was known at the time as 'the cemetery peace,' due to rigorous persecution. After that the Alsatians began to demand their rights, and there was a continuous agitation in the annexed provinces against Germany. Berlin retaliated, and actually at one time Alsatian tradesmen were forbidden to sell scent or tobacco or other goods with French labels upon them! Secret police reports and black lists were in force. During this period one or two newspapers and certain caricaturists, among them the famous Hansi, lost no opportunity of pointing out the differences between the customs and habits of Alsatians and of Germans. They were forbidden to proclaim 'Long live France!' and therefore devoted their energies to repeating 'Down with the German Kultur!'

"I can give you many other examples of the oppression to which we were subjected up to 1918, but this may

show you, monsieur, something of the difference to-day. Now we are free, free to express ourselves, and free to criticize Paris if we think fit. The fact that we do speak out is a sure proof of our present liberty."

The recent announcement by Berlin renouncing all pretensions to Alsace-Lorraine simply arouses amusement among those who know that, except possibly for a small handful of Germans, who, owing to the intervention of President Wilson, were allowed to be naturalized as French citizens, the inhabitants of the province are the devoted subjects of the recovered motherland. This is recognized by German publicists themselves, who, after a study of Alsace under France, confess that the provinces are altogether lost. Herr Grauthoff, in the *Vossische Zeitung* of June 4, 1924, wrote: "Is it right," he questioned, "that our people should build up illusions which might, once again, lead to their undoing? Ought I to call the Germans to the assistance of Alsace? You may stone me, O my countrymen, but I shall, nevertheless, throw up into your faces the truth from which I suffered out there: Alsace does not want us; the Alsatians are lost to us." If even more cogent proof is needed, it is only necessary to point to the elections last year, and the fact that twenty-one out of the twenty-four candidates in Alsace and Lorraine for seats in the French Chamber were successful in obtaining election on a Poincaré-Millerand platform. The local inhabitants, voting freely, thus declared their support of rapid assimilation with the Mother country.

Young Conservatism. Some Further Doubts

By Lieut.-Commander R. A. Broughton, R.N.

At heart I am a Conservative. This Party received my vote at the last Election and, with the majority of my fellow-countrymen, I rejoiced at its tremendous success.

But now I am wavering. I am searching in the dark, and on no side do I find the least real satisfaction.

No one can deny that the country's outlook for the future is indeed bad.

Whilst the Government continue to spend at a rate that can only mean ultimate bankruptcy the Opposition threaten State Control for everything at the very first opportunity. Both can have but the same result—the destruction of our supremacy as a Nation and an Empire.

Wherein, therefore, lies salvation? Are we really at the beginning of the end? Are we really such slaves of the present political machine that we must await patiently the destruction that it is bound to bring us?

What, in short, are the prospects for the immediate future?

Suppose the present Government remains in office for a further four years. Even supposing no great industrial upheaval takes place within that time, it is indeed a wise man who can foresee the state of affairs at that not very distant date. If the present rate of spending is continued and the present rate of increase of our unemployed is maintained, I venture to predict that the Conservative Party will cut a poor figure when next they have to face the country. It does not, therefore, require much inside political knowledge to foretell a tremendous swing of the pendulum in the opposite direction. And what then? Whether the name of the next Government be Labour, Socialist or Communist, the result will be the same—a Socialist Commonwealth, democracy organized both in

its political and industrial aspects for Communal ends. The ultimate end of private property, of private ownership, of personal freedom. A state of affairs proved by recent experiences in Russia to be a failure.

Is this what we must await? And yet with the existing political parties it is the only ending; we can await its coming as surely as we await the arrival of another day.

And that is why I am wavering in my allegiance to the Conservative cause.

Conservatism in itself will eventually bring about this state of affairs which we most of us dread.

Under existing conditions class-hatred is fostered and encouraged. The dislike and mistrust of the well-to-do classes by the less fortunate ones is little more than that of the poor by the rich. The spirit of intolerance is everywhere. No one on earth is more intolerant of the trials of the less fortunate amongst us than those who have recently acquired wealth. That fact is, in a very great measure, responsible for the present-day problem of domestic service. As a general rule the officer in either service who has risen from the ranks is intensely disliked by his late messmates. He becomes at once intolerant of the difficulties of those whose ranks he has left.

A complete understanding can only come from both sides. It is useless to expect the poor to take a tolerant human interest in the rich unless this feeling is genuinely and honestly reciprocated. Suspicion on both sides can only lead to disaster.

When an Election is imminent those interested in their own particular party profess a lively interest in everybody, but this deceives no one.

Neither does "slumming" by those who can afford to do it, and who really sacrifice not one atom of their own comfort to carry out their whim. The great majority of us live in a land where few would miss us if we left, and until we can cultivate a better understanding of our fellow creatures it would almost be better for us to pass on.

And so whichever way I look, be it towards Conservatism or Socialism, I see no real and lasting satisfaction. Each is in itself entirely selfish, entirely concerned to serve its own ends.

Were some great man to appear to-morrow, some man who had the strength to start a party, the aim of which was the better understanding of human nature, I for one would follow that man to the end. Perhaps such a man is a human impossibility, but I am certain that until he does appear a vast number of us will remain in the quagmire in which to-day we find ourselves.

A Reply

By Geoffrey Lloyd

(Vice-President of the Cambridge University Conservative Association)

I ALSO am a Conservative at heart and the Party received my vote at the last Election. But I am not wavering, and indeed have no intention of doing so until enough time has passed for the work of the Government to be fairly reviewed. At the present time I see a Government for which I have the highest respect facing a very difficult and stormy prospect, and I should be very sorry to see any considerable section of Conservatives withdrawing their support. If ten months can strain the loyalty of Mr. Baldwin's followers, it is indeed safe to "predict that the Conservative Party will cut a poor figure when next they have to face the country."

It is difficult to have any more patience with an alarmist view of our financial position. A nation which for the last five years has, on an average, paid off £130,000,000 of its debts every year is not very near bankruptcy. It must be remembered, too, that the national liability for War Pensions, at present standing at £67,000,000, reduces itself automatically by two or three millions every year; and that as a sound financial policy has brought down the rate of Government borrowing from 6½ per cent. to 4½ per cent., substantial savings in the debt charge may confidently be expected from successful conversions. But if it be fallacious at this stage to prophesy national bankruptcy, how much more absurd is it to condemn the Government's financial policy on one budget, in which at any rate they reduced the

Income Tax by sixpence and provided another £5,000,000 for the redemption of debt?

And is it any more reasonable to expect the Government already to have cleared away all the ideas of class-war and suspicion, the growth of years, fostered by the dislocation of war and embittered by the unexpected hardships of the peace? That a section of the rich is ignorant and intolerant of the poor is probably true, and that many of the poor are ignorant and suspicious of the rich is an undoubted fact; and it is right often to emphasize such disharmonies in the nation, that they may be considered and cured. But when the whole future of England is being considered and the possibilities of a real disaster are being gauged, then the many considerate masters and the multitude of well-affected men must be brought in to correct the picture. In spite of the conspicuous alarums of our industrial life there is still a great fund of social strength in England.

As for the great man who is necessary and the party for the better understanding of human nature, is the party to have no other policy, and must he be a new man? I, for one, think perhaps there is something to be said for a more detailed policy (tempered certainly with human sympathy) but pursued by an older party and headed by a more established leader. Why should Conservatives begin to distrust a Government which has already passed a great measure of Social insurance and taken the last difficult step back to financial stability? The Tory mind should be the first to approve policies which brave some temporary unpopularity to bring in the end a greater national gain. The Party of course cannot be in power for ever, but the whole temper of politics (and especially of the Labour opposition) may have changed, if it has been in power long enough under a wise and good leader. Perhaps we shall develop a modern equivalent of the factory, which "was a place where I knew, and had known from childhood, every man on the ground; a place where I was able to talk with the men not only about the troubles in the works, but troubles at home, and with their wives." Is not the Mr. Baldwin who said that a man of feeling? Why not follow him to the end?

A Rejoinder to Mr. Gray

By Roy J. Nixon

MR. GRAY'S article in the August issue on the "Doubts of a Young Conservative" shows a dangerous disregard for facts and much misplaced sentiment. He produces Mr. Disraeli's maxim, that "Conservatism is a contract to preserve all that is best in our national character of sober sense and heritage." The sad story of the last few weeks does little to prove the truth of that assertion. Is it "preserving the national character" for our Conservative Mr. Baldwin to offer a bribe of over £1,000,000 a month for nine months to the miners to induce them to refrain from ruining their own industry by continued refusals to work? Further, in view of the fact that they have accepted the bribe, does it tend to show that we have a national character to preserve? The very act of our "Conservative Government" tends to destroy what slight character we may still perhaps possess, and is merely ushering in the age of Anarchy. The man who works is left in the lurch, and taxed to pay for the idler and the loafer. Free education is merely another form of bribery. Our Conservatives are spending over £169,000,000 of our national income on free education and "social welfare," which is not very much less than the value of our national coal output. When it is understood that they are now taking millions more every year for similar schemes, and that our national wealth is not quite inexhaustible, perhaps even Mr. Gray will agree that it is time Industry took a breather at the expense of Education. Surely it is logic that if one can get free education, one ought to be able to obtain free food, free clothes, free beer, and free entertainment. That is the Russian dream of a good many people over here. That was the folly that corrupted the plebs of Rome—before the fall. Benevolent Emperors provided the people with free necessaries of

life, the people gave themselves over to a life of pleasure, and the result was Catastrophe. That is why I object to free education. If you subsidize the school you must in the end inevitably be forced to subsidize Industry, which has been impoverished by the school, and by doing this you automatically subsidize Bankruptcy.

My idea of the capitalist system is not that everyone shall grab what he can, but that everyone shall receive according to *work done*, not according to hours of so-called work. If I can be accused of "belabouring trade unionists," it is because the trade unions are largely responsible for the present condition of our industry. The trade union leaders, in the first instance, very nearly lost us the war. They agitated for restricted output, restricted hours, and high wages; the men were told that if they restricted output they would be able to ruin the owners and thus obtain the industry for nothing. That was the be-all and end-all of the recently threatened coal strike, and it is generally the reason at the bottom of every strike. If Mr. Gray doubts my word, then let him take a job as a fitter in any engineering works he chooses, and he will soon discover the meaning of trade unionism. If he works too fast for the liking of the shop stewards, he will be told to reduce output, and if he fails to do so, his tools will begin to disappear, and he may even be threatened with violence. A few weeks in an engineering shop will do wonders for anyone with slight leanings towards Socialism such as Mr. Gray possesses.

The only chance that Great Britain has of pulling through the present great industrial crisis, is to economize rigidly, and to give the squanderers notice that their services are no longer required.

Poverty and misfortune will never be abolished by Act of Parliament, as Mr. Gray suggests, but only by the hard work of the Individual. In fact, it would be a sad day for England if all discomfort were banished, since it would mean the cessation of all progress.

The Ceremony

By G. Manning-Sanders

Mr. Samuel Triggs, an elderly fisherman, came lumbering out through the vicarage gates to the highway, as if he were escaping from something dangerous to him. His wife, a thin, fanatical-looking woman, was crouched against the hedge.

"Well?" she demanded.

Samuel gaped and rubbed his big face. "You gave me quite a turn," he said feebly.

"You've been so long, I came up to see how things were going."

"It's—it's not quite fixed, Martha," said the husband, examining his boots.

"Not fixed! How's that? What did Vicar say?"

"First he said one thing, and then he said another," Samuel murmured, walking rapidly toward home.

"Did you put it to him straight out—same as I told you to?" said Martha, almost running to keep pace with her husband.

"Aye, I made a simple story of it, beginning at the beginning, just as we'd agreed I should."

"And what did Vicar say when you'd done?"

"'This is all very nice, Sam,' says he, as friendly as you please, 'but you must come up again and we'll have a bit more talk upon it, for there goes my dinner bell,' says he, 'and I can't keep he waiting.' So at that I up and away to go."

"When does he want you again, then?"

"This day fortnight—all being well," said Samuel boldly, "and he reckoned it best to keep all dark for fear of what folk would say. He reckoned neighbours were very contrary—especially over domestic hindrances."

"Never a truer word spoke," said Mrs. Triggs with deep feeling; "of course, it must be kept quiet, or we'd never hear the last of it, and I'd not wish to darken church

doors again with so much shame as I'd feel, and I'd not be able to show my face to any, if they knew that I'd wedded with one who——"

"Hush woman—hush! This breeze he carries the sound of a voice for a goodish way," said Samuel; though they were at the brow of the steep slope above the clustered cottages, where none could overhear.

Later in that day, while Samuel was attending to some defect in his boat's gear, Susie, the vicarage housemaid, called on Mrs. Triggs. She sat more round-eyed than usual, discussing many things with one thing only in her mind—curiosity as to what had brought Samuel to the vicarage in such agitation. At last, having coaxed the conversation around to the subject, she asked her question:

"Samuel, he had a mind to have a talk along with Vicar—and that's all," said Mrs. Triggs, turning her back on the inquisitive eyes.

"But he was fair quaking in his boots when he came to the door, and his face was that white I much as ever knew him."

"Samuel—he's a timersome kind of a man."

The vicarage housemaid was young, but she had been brought up in the cove, her alert senses told her that there was certainly some mystery connected with the fisherman's strange visit, and she hungered to take the first news of it from cottage to cottage as she passed back to the vicarage.

"I never did see a man so put about," she said persistently, "and I thought to myself that he looked for all the world like the poor chap did that went out 'pon Drever Sands and was brought in of unsound mind."

"No such thing about Samuel, child," said Martha, with some loss of composure nevertheless.

The girl saw the slight advantage and continued: "Yes, that poor Sam is in mortal trouble, I thought to myself, and as soon as ever I can get off, I'll go down to Martha and free my mind of what I do think."

"Samuel—he's like that, all fits and starts, directly he has to do a bit of business. Rest easy, child, 'twas nothing he wanted with your master, nothing at all to make a stiver over."

"But Sam never went to sea this day, same as he belongs to, and I've heard that he was sitting for a long while against the hedge, staring at master's gate before he came in. And the sight of him when he stepped into the house, with his face all doughy and his eyes bulging, I'll never forget to my dying day."

"You'd best forget, then, for what's amiss with a man being over timid when he goes calling?" said Martha severely.

"Plenty," cried the maid, "for I know there's some nasty old secret weighing of Sam down; I've eyes in my head. Besides, Vicar, he was talking it over to missus for long enough at lunch; 'Extraordinary,' he kept saying, and he couldn't get it out of his mind, and missus she wanted to know what it was all about, and master he kept on shaking his head and he seemed fair re-occupied."

"Here, you go out from here with your nasty tongueing," cried Martha, handling a broom threateningly.

"I'll do that and welcome," shrilled the girl, and she went from cottage to cottage exaggerating the woeful appearance of the fisherman when he came to see her master, and the imagination of the gossips was sorely tried. Some were of opinion that the pious Martha and her easy-going husband had failed to marry. But others reluctantly admitted they had been present at the wedding ceremony. One suggested that Samuel was a bigamist; but many remembered Samuel from boyhood up to plump manhood, and knew that he had not been out of the cove for long enough to do such an unlawful thing. One suggested that the mind of the husband was troubled by the remembrance of some evil deed done in the past, and this suggestion was received with favour.

"Martha's trying to hold it, but 'twill all come out as it should, by rights—I hate those sly ones that won't cheer up a body with a piece of news," said the indignant maidservant. "Maybe whatever ugly piece of work Sam has done is just beginning to haunt him, for the trouble that peeped out from his two eyes, sprung from a soul in rare torment."

That same evening Samuel got overmuch attention from his fellow fishermen. They all looked at him with the curiosity and respect due to a man who had confessed

to some sly thing in his past. Every expression on his plump face was noted with interest, and the most trivial of his remarks was heard with flattering regard. He went to his cottage earlier than was his custom because he found these attentions embarrassing.

"You needn't have gone up to vicarage behaving so silly," said his wife, greeting him reproachfully; "that huzzy of a Susie she's like to make a fine tale out of such."

"I feel bad about it, woman, and that's the trouble. I feel as though I'm not strong enough to go through what I've got to go through."

"It's your own fault—you shouldn't have bulged your eyes to start that good-for-nothing Susie guessing why you went up to see Vicar," said his wife, pushing a chair toward him.

"I've lived ordinary—I've not been a evil man though I've not been over good, but you've put such dread fear into me, missus, that I'd sooner lower my right hand into them flames than open mouth upon my shame to any living soul—even Vicar."

In her surprise, Martha had to grasp the table for support. "Then you didn't speak to Vicar at all?" she said faintly.

"I did not, woman, because I couldn't, and that's the truth of it. I tried to, but the words like a thing got jammed on my lips and nigh choked me. I just sat up there in the vicarage talking about the weather and such."

Martha recalling what the housemaid had said of the man brought in of unsound mind, lifted the lamp and looked into her husband's anxious eyes.

"Speak no more to any about it then," she said in alarm.

Samuel shook his head. "That's the worst of it—I'm done either way. If I do confess, all the parish will know of my shame; if I don't confess, the wrong can't be righted, and I'll know meself damned for all eternity."

"No, no."

"Yes, Martha, that was what you did say only this morning, and it was just as if them words had melted the stiffening out of my backbone."

Martha saw such dejection in the droop of her husband's shoulders that she felt something would have to

be done at once, though she could not think what. "Perhaps I was over-hasty," she said.

"I'm finished, and that's what it is," said Samuel, "and all for the loss of a drop of water sprinkled over me! It do seem hard, but there it is, and if I'd never told you of it, I'd never have known how needful it was. And if I'd chanced not to be born seven miles from a church in the winter season, I suppose I'd have been christened just like other folk."

"It's the—the water is the great thing, Sam," said Martha excitedly. "I've a great mind to do it myself, and then none will be the wiser. Yes, I'll go up this instant and crave a drop of proper water from Vicar."

"Do no such thing—he'll guess what it's for," said her husband in alarm.

"Then I'll break into church and steal a drop," said Martha, busy rinsing a medicine bottle. "You keep yourself quiet, and I'll soon mend what's wrong."

Out in the starlight, Martha became so agitated that she hardly knew what she was doing. She filled the bottle at the pump and began to run back with it toward the cottage. Then suddenly she stopped and looked up at the dark hillside, and presently she began to climb it, the bottle held tightly to her. People were still moving on the road beside the church; she waited till they had all gone past, and then going stealthily to the church porch, she propped the bottle of water against the door, and fell on her knees in confused prayer.

When she came back to the cottage, Samuel was crouching dejectedly by the fire. She threw off her cloak, uncorked the bottle, and freely sprinkled the water over him.

"Samuel Hicks Triggs, I do baptize, and I do christen you," she said very loudly, and paused in her sprinkling to watch the effect.

"Glory be and amen," spluttered Samuel, wiping his face, "for now I do feel so light as air."

"Let them in the cove say what they've a mind to say—there'll be no call for us to fret more—now we've had a ceremony," said Martha with pride, as she poured what water was left into the singing kettle.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Mr. Cookski.

"Did you read what that explorer chap said, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle. "I mean the fellow that wants to make out that we've lost our toughness. All my eye, I say. We were tough enough during the war. And that's not so long ago."

"No," replied Sergeant Murphy, reflectively. "It's not. I'd a twinge of me ould wound this mornin' goin' to work. All the same I can see what the fellah's dhrivin' at. He means that we're mintally flabby, that we've become too easy-goin', that we're too anxious to avoid throuble. I wonder was he thinkin' of Misther Baldwin."

"Still worrying over that Cook business, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle.

"To be sure I am," was the reply. "I've been readin' all the excuses for the Governmint's surrinder, and every wan of thim is an argumint in favour of blackmail as a profission. Force miner has become force major. No wondher Misther Cook's hat isn't equal to the task of coverin' his head.

"Mind you, Heddle, I never thought the miners were overpaid—and it's a rotten job anyhow. If a few shillin's a week more per man could be screwed out of the coal industhry I wouldn't worry if a lot of coal merchants got squeezed in the process.

"On the other hand, nobody forced the miners to take to coal minin', and seein' that the output per man has dhropped, and German and Belgins are workin' for lower wages, and we can't eat the coal instead of sellin' it abroad, there's a grand chance for a power of discussion and argumint. That agen is complicated be the fact that most of the miners' leaders more or less suggest that it was the miners, so to speak, who put the coal in the mines and that it all belongs to thim.

"But for thim to say, 'We're not goin' to argue the point. Give what we demand or we'll stop the industhrial clock' is so near to rivolooshion, that I'm hanged if I know the difference. I'd have fought thim, Heddle, if it cost the counthry hundhreds of millions.

"SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY"

"All fine and large to say the Governmint wasn't ready for a sthruggle. If it wasn't it ought to have been. Anywan readin' the vinomous speeches of that fellah Cook could have seen six months ago that he was thrailin' his coat for a fight.

"But that's not the point. The wan fact we've to face is that a threat from Cook has brought a sthrong Governmint to its knees.

"What's the good of Ramsey or Snowden mouthin' pious talk about the ballot box, or Jim Thomas palaverin' about the counthry with soothin' syrup? Do you think they'll be worth a row of beans with the Socialists after this? Cook has delivered the goods. Great is Cook.

"The next step, I suppose, is for the railway min to demand somethin'. It doesn't matter what. The miners will back thim, and accordin' to precidint the Governmint will give way, and the taxpayer will foot the bill. Thin the other thrades will take it in turn to do the same.

"If they do, Heddle, I hope they set up a committee to arrange the sthrikes so that none of the fixtures will clash. That'll give each of the leaders his chance of a bit of the limelight, and get him a paragraph or two, with maybe his porthrait, in the Moscow papers, and the motto underneath, 'Thrade Union is Strinth.' Comrade Cookski will, I'm sure, be the first to have the honour.

"The thing has got to be thrashed out sooner or later, Heddle. Either the counthry rules the thrades unions or the thrades unions rule the counthry. It's not even that. It's a question of a few thousand half-baked Lenins who have got conthrol of the unions and have shouldhered aside the min that had some sort of national outlook. Rivolooshion is in the saddle and is out for a gallop."

"What's goin' to be the result, Sar'nt, do you think?" asked Heddle.

"I wish I was sure," said Sergeant Murphy. "It's holiday time just now, and people are more concerned with the weather at Margate or Blackpool, or with Hobbs's epoch-makin' exploits, than it is with politics. Wait till they come back to work and think things over, and thin we'll know. And Mr. Baldwin will know. And, most of all, Mr. Cook will know."

Five Days in Palestine

By May E. Fulton

PALESTINE is a wild and rugged country, lovely in its very desolation, but it has also its warm and fertile parts, edging the Mediterranean, while in the Jordan Valley it is really tropical. Spring is the best time in which to visit this grey land redeemed by the ever-changing beauty of its sunsets, for then the wild flowers are in perfection and the mountain sides one blaze of glorious colour.

It was with poignant regret that my friend and I found ourselves with just five days to spend in this old and fascinating country with its traces of almost every age and on which wave after wave of invasion has left its mark.

We left Cairo at 6 p.m. The Egyptian State Railway leaves much to be desired, or perhaps it is really the fault of the Egyptian climate that travelling by train has one or two serious drawbacks. The dust, or rather the sand, is indescribable. Through every conceivable and inconceivable chink it pours in. Our first stop of any interest was at Ismailia. About ten o'clock at night we reached Kantara. Here we left the train and went through the Customs, surely the quaintest and most primitive to be found anywhere. The shed, for it was nothing more, was dimly lighted, and instead of the usual jostling crowd of well-dressed English and Americans, one saw here all sorts, Syrians, Russians, Jews, Arabs, peasant women and small children, pedlars and hawkers opening up weird-looking bundles, and just a handful of English.

We then crossed the Suez Canal in a quaint sort of ferry drawn by chains, people and luggage packed in closely together. After going through the passport office we got into our "sleepers," and some time afterwards we passed through Rafa, the border between Egypt and Palestine.

We were up at about 7 o'clock the next morning and intensely interested as the train wound slowly up and up towards Jerusalem. The country here is not quite so bleak as in other parts of Palestine; it is mountainous, with bits of vegetation here and there, olive trees especially, and the route has many pretty bends and curves. I was particularly struck by the makeshift little stations *en route* and the extreme poverty and dirt of the peasants.

At about 8.30 a.m. we arrived at Jerusalem.

Our guide met us as the train steamed into the station, a most efficient one-eyed ex-soldier, who simply pounced on us as if he had known us all his life, and as we passed through the door into the street we realized the cause of his great haste. Such a yelling, gesticulating, dirty crowd. In exceedingly good English he informed us that a new regulation had just been brought in about the stand for the gharries, with the result that we had to make a frantic and undignified rush to procure one at all. We then drove slowly up towards the city and had our first wonderful view of Jerusalem. From the moment one leaves the station one sees it standing out, isolated, partly because there is so little vegetation round it, and partly because of its commanding site. Leaving our hotel after breakfast we passed through the Jaffa Gate, and going on down David Street we reached the Jews' Wailing Wall. One could loiter for hours in David Street watching the moving crowd. One just threads one's way in and out amongst a motley crowd of all nationalities, yelling small boys, trailing native women, busy merchants, fierce-looking Bedouins, heavily-laden donkeys, walking and pushing just where they like, amidst endless shouting and talking, all packed into a narrow steep street.

On Friday afternoon and Saturday morning the Jews congregate on a flagged pavement near the site of Solomon's Temple, and swaying to and fro against a high wall, supposed to be the nearest point to the Holy of Holies, they wail for their return to Jerusalem. Those I saw were tall with long flowing garments, long flowing beards, little round fur caps with velvet crowns, and in front of each ear and almost reaching to the shoulder a long ringlet of hair. Coming back we could not resist the temptation of one or two shops. I had been told about the beautiful

Jerusalem pottery, the mother-of-pearl (a great industry in Bethlehem), dear to the hearts of most women, the strings of pretty beads, and the quaint embroideries.

If one is in a severely critical mood one had better not visit the Holy Land, for there is no doubt that many things give offence. I felt all the time I was there that it was much better to take a broad view of it all, and not feel a recoil when certain sacred spots were pointed out as authentic. I felt this especially as we drove down to Bethany, skirting the Mount of Olives. I knew that somewhere on that Mount was the Garden of Gethsemane and that satisfied me. So that I was really sorry when our guide made us stop at a door a little way up the hill, and after much noisy knocking we were admitted into a small walled-in space, with very new masonry work going up, and were told that this was the Garden of Gethsemane. It had just one redeeming point, the lovely old olive-trees. Bethany was very disappointing also. It is practically Mohammedan, a squalid little place, and its people uninteresting. Here we saw Lazarus' Tomb and the home of Mary and Martha. On our way back over the white and dusty road, we turned a sharp corner and suddenly Jerusalem burst upon our view. We stopped and stood rooted to the spot, gazing upon it, feeling sure that *here* was where "He beheld the city and wept over it." Slowly we wound down the self-same narrow road which Christ must have traversed on that memorable day, and with the sweep of the Mount of Olives on one side, the Golden Gate in front of us, and the beautiful Dome of the Rock beyond, we got another and entirely different view of Jerusalem.

We then visited the Tomb of the Virgin, which is in the form of a chapel excavated out of solid rock. The porch is a lovely piece of work of the Crusades period. To enter the chapel one has to go down a flight of marble steps, where are the supposed tombs of the parents of the Virgin and of Joseph her husband.

A small shrine contains the tomb of Mary, where, according to tradition, she lay after death until her "assumption." Outside, the Greeks and Armenians have each an altar.

Next morning we started for the Valley of the Jordan.

Down, down we went, winding in and out between precipitous bleak mountains, along an excellent road. Our first stop of any interest was at the Inn of the Good Samaritan, a most welcome spot to any weary traveller toiling up from the wilderness to Jerusalem. It is exceedingly primitive, with a large courtyard behind, used for stabling.

As we proceeded, always going down, I gazed up at the great mountains on either side, desolate and grand, and I could see dotted all over them, right up to the highest point, shepherds and their sheep—so typical of pastoral life in Palestine. When we left Jerusalem we were wrapped in fur coats and rugs, which we gradually began to discard, so that by the time we were in sight of the Dead Sea we were beginning to feel uncomfortably warm. I had here my first experience of the deceptiveness of distances in the East. We saw the Dead Sea in front of us looking as if we could reach it in a short time, but on and on we drove in sweltering heat, and yet it seemed ever to recede. For miles round the ground was crusted with salt, just like a heavy frost. At last, in a baking sun, we neared its pebbly, tideless shore, and I tried not to think of what our men endured, who had to camp in this low-lying spot during the war, for even on that winter day there hung over it all an air of depression and remote loneliness. Every one knows of the buoyancy and saltness of the water, 1,300 ft. below sea level, and all round, as far as the eye could reach, shut in by mountains, was utter desolation.

From here we drove on to the Jordan. The Greek Feast of the Epiphany was just finishing, and we were fortunately in time to see some of the pilgrims, most of whom were quite elderly, and who must have walked prodigious distances. Early in the morning a priest blesses the Jordan, and then they all bathe in it, the garments they use being afterwards carefully kept for their shrouds. The glimpse of the river we saw was very pretty, with rushes and small shrubs and growth on either side, most refreshing to the eye after the arid wilderness we had passed through. From the Jordan we went on to Jericho, a ruined, dirty little village in an oasis of beauty on the edge of the wilderness. A river runs through it, the

vegetation is rich and beautiful, with orange groves and shady palms, and over all a brilliant sun, while in the distance, ranges of mountains shade away, the Mount of Temptation among them. There is Old Jericho, just a ruin, where we saw Elisha's Fountain, with the waters of which he is supposed to have healed. It is in the form of a large reservoir of refreshingly clear water, and round the four sides there are booths where men sit all day smoking enormous pipes, strange things attached to a sort of syphon and filled with this deliciously cool water. Just to look at them revived one in the intense heat.

New Jericho was hot, glaring, and unpleasing. The natives seemed a very debased class, and one might well feel unsafe in their company.

Now we climbed up again, and ever up towards Jerusalem, along a road thick with white powdery dust. When we got back to the city we slowly wound our way to the upper part of the town, in front of us always an ugly-looking grey building. When we finally reached it we found it had a most superb situation—on the one side overlooking the city, and, on the other, one could see right to the Mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea. This was the Augusta-Victoria-Stift-auf-dem-Oelberg, built by the Kaiser—now the Residency for the High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of Palestine. There is a chapel attached to it, and on the ceiling, worked in mosaics, is a figure of the Kaiser as a saint. In another part of the building he poses as a Crusader, with a Union Jack draped carefully round him ! On this height, overlooking the city on one side, and the great valleys on the other, was a space railed off and marked by hundreds of little black iron crosses. Could any spot be more suitable as the last resting-place for those men who also made a great sacrifice for mankind ? There they lie, looking over the Holy City, and facing a glorious blaze of red as the sun sinks into the West. We walked on to the Chapel of the Ascension, and brought our wonderful day to an end by looking down on the mystery cast by the lights and shades of the Syrian moon.

On Sunday morning we went first to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Again we threaded our way down the fascinating David Street, turned to the left down Christian

Street, through the native bazaars, across a bit of the Via Dolorosa, and finally arrived at the church. Here, in a gaudy edifice, every religious sect is represented, and the most intense hatred and jealousy exists amongst them. Hundreds of lighted and unlighted lamps hang from the lofty ceilings, enormous wax candles are placed everywhere, and all seems glitter and show. One sees the part belonging to the Greek Church and their attendant priests, that of the Copts and their priests, the Catholics, and so on. At the entrance is the slab on which Christ's body was washed when taken from the Cross. This has to be periodically renewed as it gets absolutely worn away by the kisses bestowed on it by the devout. As I looked one woman was lying prostrate on the ground with her lips just touching the stone. The Holy Sepulchre, where Christ's body lay, is very small and entirely lined with marble. There is only room for about two persons to enter at once, and the tombstone, about five feet long, is also of marble, while above it hang about forty lamps, burning day and night. It is here that the Sacred Fire in connection with the Greek Church takes place every Easter, when thousands crush into the church and the scene is indescribable. In the centre of the building we went up some steps, and saw the spot where, according to tradition, the three crosses stood, supposed to have been discovered by the Empress Helena. A long strip of brass was pushed to one side and peering down I saw some rocks, supposed to be "the rent in the rock," which occurred when "the earth did quake." Near by was a bust of the Virgin Mary, covered with thousands of pounds' worth of jewels, one among them having been placed there by the Kaiser. A long dagger pierces her heart, signifying the sorrows she had to endure. This is all tradition, for most persons believe that the true Calvary is outside the city, and is known as Gordon's Calvary, having been located by him.

The Mosque, the Dome of the Rock, is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. There is a huge rock in the centre of it, where it is said Abraham offered up Isaac, and was the site of Solomon's Temple. It is from this rock that Mohammed is supposed to have ascended to Heaven, and the Mohammedans quite believe it to be

the nearest point to Heaven. A most beautiful finely-wrought iron screen surrounds the rock, and all the rest of the Mosque is sheer beauty. The lofty dome is surrounded by exquisite mosaics, mostly in blues. The windows are very beautiful, each small piece of glass being inserted obliquely instead of vertically, so one can imagine what the effect is when the sun streams through these little gems of colour. On the floor are choice Turkey carpets, given from time to time by some important visitor. Here the most devout worship is carried on, but alas! it is closed to visitors on Fridays, since a young American girl laughed audibly at one of the Arabs saying his prayers. Immediately he whipped out his revolver, and shot her in the face, blinding her for life. He was arrested, but maintained he would do it again under the same provocation.

In the afternoon we drove over to Bethlehem, about six miles distant, along a very good wide road with hills and valleys on either side. Here it must have been that Ruth gleaned among the corn. About half-way, standing by the road-side, is a small white dome-shaped building, Rachael's Tomb, one of the few really authentic spots in Palestine. As we stopped to look at it that exquisite love story came back to me—how "Jacob served seven years for Rachael and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her."

Bethlehem is a delightful little town. It is Christian, and its inhabitants seem prosperous and clean. Its women are noted for their beauty, and after the sombre black garments of the women of Egypt the gay colours of these Bethlehemites was a pleasant relief, as they dress somewhat after the style of the Swiss peasants. Their head-dress fits closely to the head, then rises to an extremely high and narrow point from which a pretty white veil falls down the back, for all the world like that worn by the two nasty sisters in the Cinderella books of one's childhood days. We were told that this veil is only worn by married women. The first place of interest in Bethlehem is the Church of the Nativity, which resembles in one respect at least, that of the Holy Sepulchre, the endless squabbles that take place amongst the Greeks, Copts, Armenians, and Roman Catholics. These are indeed

so bad, that a soldier has always to be on guard in the crypt where the Manger is.

After the glitter and tinsel of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the plain severity of this church appeals greatly. It is believed to date from about A.D. 327, and to have been built by the Empress Helena in the form of a cross. It was destroyed by the Moslems and restored by the Crusaders. The nave must have been beautiful, for there are still standing over forty Corinthian columns of solid granite. A few steps lead down to the crypt, where a star marks the sacred spot, under lamps which are kept perpetually burning. Carved in the wall are the words "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*" In one corner is the Manger, a low recess cut in the rock. From this we passed on to the cell where St. Jerome lived for some years and poured forth his fiery arguments; one wonders how any human being could exist in such gloom.

We were up early the next morning as we had a long motoring day before us. We were not long in reaching Ramallah, from whence we saw Bethel on our right, and far off the eternal blue of the Mediterranean, with Jaffa at the water's edge. For miles and miles we traversed desolate and grand scenery. High up we went to bleak parts, reminding one of bits of Scotland, then we would dip down, and wind in and out through pretty olive groves and lovely landscapes—then climb up again, to breathe the invigorating air of the wild and strangely beautiful mountains. After hours of this exhilarating joy we wound down through glens and ravines, to more fertile regions, where amongst a profusion of ferns one could imagine what it would be like in a few months' time, when the vineyards and orchards would be rich in fruit. Once again we reached the level, and eventually stopped at Jacob's Well which, like Rachael's Tomb, is indisputably authentic.

I had been expecting a long and dusty road and at the side of it a well where one could sit and be refreshed, but alas! the well was very different. It was entirely closed in. We had first to knock at a door in a wall, and from this we passed into a sort of garden, accompanied by the doorkeeper loudly demanding backsheesh. We then went

down some steps and finally entered a small Greek chapel hung round with ikons. In the centre of this small building was the well, tremendously deep and wonderfully made. A priest came forward and lowered a small bucket, which seemed as if it would never reach the bottom. Eventually it came up again and we all drank from Jacob's Well, not without fears of typhoid. Shortly after this we passed through Nâblus, the ancient Shechem, and saw the Synagogue at the foot of the mountains, where the Samaritans still worship, one of the oldest and the smallest sect in the world. The most thrilling experience of the day was the drive through the great plain of Esdraelon. Nothing, as far as the eye could reach, but plain; away on the left Mount Carmel, crested with a deep purple hue standing out in sombre beauty against the skyline; to the right Mount Tabor and straight in front the hills of Galilee, with Nazareth nestling among them. Driving on and on over this vast loneliness one seemed no nearer to one's destination. One had plenty of time to remember that here some famous battles have been fought from the time of Rameses II up to the Great War and Lord Allenby's victories. It was here that Saul, like a later warrior, fell on his sword and died, and here that David cursed the Mountains of Gilboa. At last the great plain was traversed, and we ascended gradually to Nazareth, a dear little town whose women rival those of Bethlehem in beauty, and whose children are dark-eyed and fascinating. We visited the Synagogue and the Carpenter's Shop—the latter, I am afraid, not the original one. We wandered in and out through the narrow little streets, interested in the simple and humble life of the people, and found our way to the well, a little outside the town. The women were coming to it exactly as in the days of Christ to draw water, poising their water-bottles most gracefully on their heads. Here I saw one of the loveliest women I have ever seen in my life. She was tall and slender with the typical olive complexion of the East, shaded off into the faintest pink, her large lovely eyes gazing at one with a sort of detached wonder. As I looked she lifted her water-bottle and with untold grace slowly stretched out an exquisitely-shaped arm to steady it on her head—a veritable Madonna indeed.

We left Nazareth at about 5 o'clock and, looking back from the top of a high hill, obtained a magnificent view of almost the whole of Palestine, with the great plain stretching at our feet.

We now entered upon the wildest and most romantic part of our journey. It was getting dark, and scurrying away on either side of us as we dashed along were jackals and foxes. Before long the moon came out, and it was rather an eerie experience as we knew that the mountains around were infested with robbers. However, for three hours we neither met nor passed any person except once, when we saw two camels standing at the road side while their riders had dismounted and, with their backs to the road and facing towards Mecca, were gently swaying to and fro at their sunset devotions. They were entirely indifferent to us and made a striking picture silhouetted against the twilight sky.

Our chauffeur was a Nubian and one of the best drivers I have ever motored with, a slightly-built man with long sensitive-looking hands, and the way he managed the car was a joy. So, with the full moon overhead and the twinkling lights of the harbour of Haifa far away in front of us, we sped on and finished a day crammed with interest and full of pleasure.

We were in the train at 8 o'clock next morning and started back for Egypt. From four to five hours we went through nothing but flat unrelieved desert, with here and there a tall skinny palm-tree. We stopped at several small stations and, of course, there was always a little more life around them, principally in the form of caravans of camels. Although I saw these "ships of the desert" daily, I never ceased to be hugely amused at them with their great soft spongy feet. One sometimes hears the expression "to look down one's nose." I never appreciated it fully until I met the camel. It is surely the most supercilious and utterly disdainful of creatures.

Once more we reached Kantara, crossed in the ferry, passed through the Customs, arrived at Ismailia and finally Cairo about 11.30 p.m. We hurried to our hotel, had a sound night's sleep and awoke next morning to realize that we had had a most wonderfully enthralling five-days' visit to Palestine.

When I am Dead

By John Alexander

When I am dead I would not have you weep
Nor clothe yourself in garments of sad hue,
Nor in vain longing nightly vigil keep.

Carry me not with mournful retinue
To any graveyard in the crowded town;
With no funereal pomp bid me adieu.

But take my ashes to some windy down,
To some remembered, quiet, holy place
Which only you and I and Love have known,

Where we have loosed the bonds of time and space,
Heard the unearthly music of the spheres
And seen immortal Beauty face to face,

And scatter them, with no self-pitying tears,
Upon the air and on the fragrant ground,
That through the passing of the lonely years

In every wandering wind you'll hear the sound
Of my beloved voice, and in the flowers
That you and I together there have found

And loved in far off happy springtime hours
You'll see my face, and from the enfolding sky
Know that my spirit ever on you showers

Love that is deathless. Therefore when I lie
Smiling and cold and peaceful on my bed
Remember Love and Beauty cannot die,

And shed no tears upon my silent head.
I would not have you weep when I am dead.

Rheumatic Disease

By Matthew Burrow Ray, D.S.O., M.D.

(Hon. Sec. British Sub-Committee on Rheumatism, International Society of Medical Hydrology.)

By the courtesy of the Editor of this REVIEW, I am being afforded the hospitality of its pages, in order that I may place before its readers a matter of National importance, which up to the present time has not received anything like the attention it deserves.

I refer of course to the incidence of rheumatic disease. Everyone knows how prevalent rheumatism is, but the extent of its prevalence was only made known by the publication of a report by the Ministry of Health about a year ago.

This most valuable and illuminating report was based on the work of a number of observers who made careful records of all the cases diagnosed as "rheumatic" that occurred in their respective practices for a whole year. From calculations based on these observations it was possible to estimate the amount of disability that occurred among the insured population from this source alone. The figures are very striking, and "give one furiously to think." We find, for instance, that nearly one-sixth of the total industrial invalidity of this country is due to diseases classed as "rheumatic." Each year these diseases alone cost the approved Societies nearly two million pounds, and nearly three million weeks of work are being lost to the Nation.

Statistics such as these take no account of the amount of suffering which is entailed by the prevalence of illnesses of this kind. Neither do they take into account the amount of permanent invalidism and crippling which is bound to ensue if proper measures are not taken for the efficient treatment of these cases at their first inception.

One of the chief reasons for the apparent failure to deal with the vast amount of sickness from this cause has been the nebulous state of our ideas as to its true nature. We are not dealing with one disease, but a group of diseases differing widely in their causation, but all unfortunately labelled "rheumatic."

For instance, one hears of acute and chronic rheumatism. Acute rheumatism, or, as it is often called, "rheumatic fever," is an acute "infection" which has epidemic prevalence with irregular periodicity. Different authorities have their own ideas as to the meaning of "chronic rheumatism," and some observers go so far as to refuse the application of this name to any condition whatsoever, and endeavour to substitute other terms of a more precise meaning. But, whatever opinions may be held on this point, all are now agreed that what is ordinarily understood by chronic rheumatism has no connection of any kind with acute rheumatism. According to some authorities muscular rheumatism and chronic rheumatism are synonymous terms, and others again designate such conditions as "fibrositis." There is that affection known as rheumatoid arthritis, which some observers say is a subdivision of a class of inflammatory joint diseases, and others again regard it as occupying a class all to itself.

The attitude towards a patient with some form of chronic rheumatic disease has been too often illustrated by a shrug of the shoulders, accompanied with the pious hope that perhaps time would do something, which it usually did, but not quite in accordance with what was hoped for. This somewhat pessimistic attitude, even amongst medical men, was the outcome of the failure of drugs to effect a cure in these cases. Some undoubtedly appeared to give relief, but what is good for one patient may prove useless for the next.

Now, the efficient treatment of these cases is not easy, and it is not a "one man job." Each case is a separate and distinct problem, calling for all the resources of skilled investigation. The general physician may have to invoke the aid of the surgeon, the bio-chemist, the X-ray expert, the dentist, the throat specialist, the bacteriologist, the cardiologist, the epidemiologist, and the climatologist.

The surgeon for his manipulative skill in the correction of slight joint displacements which are too often diagnosed as "rheumatism" and treated as such, especially where only a single joint is involved; the bio-chemist for the investigation of the gastric and intestinal functions which

in many obscure cases of so-called rheumatic disease are entirely at fault; the X-ray expert for an opinion as to the conditions of the joints, and perhaps for the discovery of deep-seated affections of the roots of the teeth; the dentist for the efficient treatment of such affections; the throat specialist for the examination and treatment of tonsillar affections which are a fruitful source of "rheumatic" infections; the bacteriologist for the examination of possible "foci" of infection. The cardiologist may be needed for the treatment of the mass of invalidity connected with the heart which is directly due to acute rheumatism in early life.

The epidemiologist can supply information about the incidence and periodicity of the acuter varieties of the disease. The climatologist has special knowledge of the influence of wet and dry seasons and the prevalence of rheumatism in certain districts.

Attention has recently been directed by some observers to the possible connection between irregularities of the "ductless" glands or endocrine system and rheumatic disease. Llewellyn has worked out the probable relationship between enlargement of the thyroid gland (goitre) and certain rheumatic affections. He finds a marked increase in the incidence of these diseases in "goitrous" districts.

The important question which now arises is whether any steps are being taken with a view to the efficient investigation and treatment of this multitude of sufferers, on the lines indicated above. If so, whether the measures at present in existence are sufficient.

We may say at once that, apart from those people who are in the fortunate position of being able to pay for such investigations, there is nothing in the way of any concerted effort to deal with this most important and urgent question.

A large number of these sufferers, especially when indigent and aged, are to be found in Poor Law institutions. If not there, they are to be found carrying on a more or less miserable existence in their homes, punctuated by periodical visits to their medical attendant, in order to obtain the necessary certificate to enable them to draw the pittance on which they have to subsist.

The tragedy of it all is that they feel themselves getting worse and worse, and in their long hours of enforced idleness they are able to contemplate to the full their inevitable destiny, which is oftener than not incarceration within the walls of a workhouse and all that it involves to self-respecting persons. If this is to be regarded as an extreme view of their unfortunate position, we can at any rate say that they are, by no fault of their own, precluded from making that provision for their declining years which is the laudable wish of every right-thinking individual.

When I said there was nothing in the way of any concerted effort to deal with this problem, I did not wish it to be inferred that nothing at all was being done with regard to treatment. There is a fair amount, but it sadly lacks cohesion. We find at the three principal Spas of this country there are well-equipped hospitals specially designed for the treatment of this class of case. The one at Buxton has been in existence for over three hundred years. It is now known as the Devonshire Hospital, and accommodates large numbers of industrial workers who return year after year for the treatment they find so beneficial. Hospitals of similar intention are doing equally good work at Bath and Harrogate. All three hospitals possess laboratories equipped and staffed for the biological and bacteriological investigations of their cases.

Apart from these Spa hospitals there is very little more to be said. Certain London and Provincial Hospitals devote a few beds to the reception of the more serious cases, and many of them supply a little out-patient treatment in their orthopædic departments. This, which we might term sporadic treatment, is by no means sufficient. Much more is urgently needed if the vast amount of invalidity from this cause is to be diminished.

The Ministry of Health estimates that out of the thirteen and a half million insured persons, over three hundred and seventy thousand seek advice every year for one or other form of rheumatic disease.

The Spa Hospitals that have been mentioned treated, in the year 1923, about five thousand six hundred cases

of all kinds; of these, a little over four thousand nine hundred came under the category of rheumatic diseases. This is taking the total number of cases at the three hospitals.

Of course it is not by any means claimed that the majority of cases of rheumatic disease seen in the ordinary way of practice require Spa treatment, but we are perfectly within the limits of probability when we say that very many more need it than get it.

The Spas then, as we see, are only able to deal with a very limited number; and those cases which are sent are usually fairly advanced, and some of them beyond the possibility of restorative treatment. Like many other diseases, much can be done in the earlier stages, and to wait until actual bony deformities have taken place is very much like "locking the stable door when the horse has been stolen."

In order to get these cases early enough we must have facilities for their early diagnosis and treatment. These necessary facilities are, as we have already pointed out, practically non-existent so far as the larger centres of population are concerned.

There does not exist in the whole of London, with its teeming population, a suitably equipped bathing establishment for this class of case. This does not apply to insured patients only, but it applies to people who are in a position to pay for such treatment that they are so anxious to obtain.

The value of medicinal waters and baths in the treatment of rheumatic affections is probably one of the oldest observations in medical science. The treatment by baths has its origin in pre-historic times, and is even known to the lower animals. In this connection a most interesting observation was made by a Highland shepherd. One of his sheep dogs developed painful swellings in some of its joints, and after a day or two the animal disappeared and could not be found. After the lapse of a few more days, the dog was discovered buried up to its neck in a peat bog, whither it had betaken itself to obtain relief from its pain. The shepherd, rightly concluding that the dog evidently knew what was best for itself, left it there and eventually it came back to its master perfectly well.

This may sound rather a tall story, but I can vouch for the truth of it.

I should explain it by surmising that in all animals, man included, there is an instinctive desire for heat and moisture when they are victims of any painful affections of the joints or muscular tissues.

A great many of the baths that are provided at the Spas can quite well be given in London. They are not difficult to install, and are not by any means expensive. As already indicated, such baths are curative in the early stages of the disease and ameliorative in the later.

The International Society of Medical Hydrology, a society which concerns itself with the study of the medicinal uses of baths and waters, at a recent meeting in Paris appointed from among its members a small committee. This committee and the sub-committees under it are charged with the duty of collecting information from the Northern European Countries as to the incidence of these diseases with a view to formulating a scheme which would link up all the more or less sporadic efforts in this direction which are at present in existence. They will also include in their proposed scheme provision for treatment where it is wanting.

In order to do this, they recommend that treatment centres or clinics for rheumatism should be started in London and other large towns. There is already a very good example of such a clinic in Amsterdam which might well be copied. This particular clinic under the directorship of Dr. Van Breemen, has been doing excellent work for a number of years.

In the suggested clinics for this country, suitable baths and physical methods of treatment of various kinds would be installed. To these centres doctors will be invited to send their insured patients for treatment. The treatment given at these centres will be supervised by medical men who have made a special study of the baths and other methods employed. It is an erroneous idea that anyone can order baths. This is quite contrary to the real facts of the case. The use of waters and baths is a highly specialized form of treatment. Much harm may indeed be done by the haphazard prescription of

baths. One might give as an example the effect of certain kinds of bath on the blood pressure. To order a patient with a high pressure a bath that would cause a marked increase would be, to say the least of it, dangerous. The converse is equally true, a patient with a low pressure would not feel any better for having his pressure further reduced. One might easily multiply these examples of injudicious treatment which could be prescribed by those ignorant of the physical effects of the various kinds of bath.

Treatment is not the only consideration with regard to these centres. They should be equipped with all the necessary facilities for the most complete investigation as to the cause of the condition in each patient who seeks treatment thereat. This means that laboratories for biochemical and bacteriological research must be installed along with the actual treatment centre.

It is proposed that these clinics should be linked up with the Spas so that patients who are needing treatment by medicinal waters may be able to obtain it without difficulty. This will also ensure that the fullest use is made of the various Spas, and that the cases are properly selected. It is hoped that Spas in this kingdom, which at present offer no facilities for the treatment of the insured population, will be encouraged to develop their resources.

In conclusion, I can only express my own conviction that if this question is tackled in a thorough manner, and all our available faculties are developed and made use of, the amount of invalidity from rheumatic disease will show a marked diminution in the course of a very few years.

A National Wheat Reserve

By Lt.-Col. F. G. Talbot, D.S.O.

THE vital necessity of a reserve food supply in this country has long been recognised, and in 1903 a Royal Commission was appointed to consider the question.

The Royal Commission unanimously recommended the establishment of national granaries.

It seemed likely that at last something would be done; but eventually the Government decided against the proposal, on the ground that as long as the British Navy was supreme the food supply of England could never be seriously endangered, and that if the Navy had been defeated England would have lost all.

This was before the days of submarines and aeroplanes, and when we remember how narrowly we escaped disaster in the Great War owing to the neglect to provide a national reserve stock of wheat, the lives that were lost, and the vast expenditure that we incurred to maintain a supply that barely kept us from starvation, we can only wonder that the lesson has not been taken to heart, and that steps have not been taken already to ensure that this country shall never be put in such a terrible position again.

But it is not a question alone of security in time of war; it is also a question of supreme importance in time of peace, for as long as the system of hand-to-mouth supply prevails the price of breadstuffs is bound to remain unnecessarily high, and is affected by bad harvests, shipping strikes, and any adverse conditions.

The annual consumption of wheat in this country is 33,000,000 quarters, of which about 9,000,000 quarters are home grown, so that we import about 2,000,000 quarters a month, the bulk of the supply coming from Canada.

We have on an average only a three weeks' supply of food in the country, with three to six weeks' supply on the seas.

A NATIONAL WHEAT RESERVE

It is suggested that instead of this hand-to-mouth existence, granaries, or elevators as they are called, should be erected at certain places round the coast, with others at inland centres where there is a local demand for them. These elevators provide for the drying as well as the storing of corn.

There is no difficulty in storing corn; it keeps well for years, as Joseph discovered long ago in Egypt; and the ultimate aim would be to have a three years' supply in the country: but a beginning might be made by erecting elevators with a total storage capacity of 5,000,000 quarters at suitable places, such as London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, Manchester, Newcastle, Hull, Leith, and Belfast, with smaller ones at inland centres.

Nearly all other great countries have adopted this system of elevators. In the Argentine forty-two are being erected. Russia just before the Revolution was negotiating as to the adoption of a vast system of elevators, and England alone lags behind.

Canada long ago recognised the importance of the system, and, thanks to their Board of Trade and Grain Commissioners, there are to-day in Western Canada 3,556 country elevators with a capacity of 115,600,800 bushels, while the large Dominion terminal elevators have a capacity of 2,500,000 to 3,500,000 bushels each, as at Port Arthur, Saskatoon, Moosejaw, and Calgary, equipped with all the latest improvements for cleaning and drying grain. It is further proposed to build elevators at Quebec, Halifax, and St. John's, with a storage capacity of 10,000,000 bushels each.

Yet so enormous is the Canadian harvest that even this vast system is inadequate. Every year the elevators become congested, the Canadian market becomes depressed, and as there are no facilities for storing in England the crop is thrown on the market, to the immense advantage of Chicago and New York speculators and the great disadvantage of Canada and England. Railway rates of $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 are paid every year to the U.S.A., all of which is eventually paid by the consumer.

If we had elevators in England the grain would be passed on automatically to the British Isles, and as the

harvests in Canada, Australia, and India fall at different times a constant supply would be assured.

There are two great causes of loss under the present system:—

1. The destruction of grain by rats and mice in docks, warehouses, stackyards, and old-fashioned granaries is estimated by the Ministry of Agriculture at £15,000,000 *a year at pre-war prices*. Almost all this loss would be saved.

2. It is almost incredible, but unfortunately it is the fact, that there is *practically no drying plant* in any part of the United Kingdom. The loss from damp grain cannot be estimated, but in a wet season like 1912 it must be colossal.

Moreover, there are definite grounds for stating that if a three years' supply of corn was stored in England the Admiralty would consent to take several millions off the annual Naval estimates.

It is true that when the Royal Commission of 1903 recommended the establishment of national granaries they reported that they were unable to suggest any practical scheme for carrying out their suggestion, but since that time several schemes have been devised, of which Mr. Hay Thorburn's proposal for the issue of Imperial grain warrants is admittedly the best.

The problems are:—

1. How to attract and secure a regular supply of grain to keep the national granaries filled.

2. How to avoid heavy expenditure and loss of interest, if the Government purchased and stored grain on an adequate scale.

3. How to avoid interference with trade, if the Government held a large stock of wheat, which might be thrown on the market at any moment.

4. How to devise a scheme which shall be on a self-supporting commercial basis.

It is proposed:—

1. That a Board of Grain Commissioners should be appointed, consisting of a President and representatives of the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Agriculture, the Colonial Office, the Corn Trade Association, the Millers'

Association, the Associated Chambers of Commerce, the harbour interest [namely, the Port of London Authority, the Clyde Trust, the Mersey Dock and Harbour Board, etc.]

The Grain Commissioners should be practical business men, not identified with any political party, and should be nominated for a period of years.

The duties of the Board would be performed at the cheapest possible rates for the benefit of producers and consumers, not on the basis of a profit-making business, but as a self-supporting national institution.

2. That a system of Imperial grain warrants should be created, to be recognised at home and abroad as first-class legal security, transferable by endorsement, representing actual goods, to be honoured on presentation here in grain and negotiable at the source of the grain.

Warehousemen are entitled to issue such warrants under Acts 53, 54, Vic. c. 45, and iron warrants are regularly quoted and dealt with on the metal market.

There is, therefore, no hindrance in principle, and no difficulty whatever in the creation of the system of warrants proposed.

This system would be of the utmost advantage to Canadian farmers, most of whom are dependent on the proceeds of one year's crop for the outgoings of the succeeding year.

In many cases they have to wait a long time before they obtain payment, but under the grain warrant system they would be given the warrant immediately the grain was delivered, and it would be accepted by banks as first-class security for loans.

Millers and merchants watch the returns of the harvests, and when they see fit buy ahead; it would be an incalculable advantage to them to be able to go into the market and simply buy warrants. Merchants in other countries would do the same; they would not, of course, take delivery here, but when the time came they could resell their warrant here and buy a cargo afloat, and, in the opinion of competent men, England would become the centre of the grain trade of the world, to the infinite advantage of all concerned.

It can hardly be doubted that the proposed system would greatly reduce the price of bread, for it is obvious

that with a supply of wheat in hand buyers would be able to choose their time and buy in the cheapest market, whereas at present they are forced to buy whatever the state of the market may be.

This country is the largest buyer of wheat, and the price here regulates the market value all over the world.

The wholesale price of wheat would be stabilised, and the first result of that would be to end gambling and speculation and to standardise the price of the loaf.

The questions of agriculture do not necessarily come within the scope of this article, but, from the point of view of millers and bakers, it is essential that a certain proportion of wheat should be home grown. For this they have given adequate reasons.

From the farmers' point of view it is also essential that corn should be grown at least once in four years as a rotation crop with roots.

If wheat can only be grown at a loss, arable farming in England must be given up; and, as we all know, this is largely being done, and it is likely to continue on a greater scale. It has just been stated that in Northumberland alone 240 plough teams, representing another 15,000 acres of arable land, will disappear before next season.

How, then, if the price of corn is still further to be lowered, can the English farmer compete. The vast scale on which wheat is grown in other countries, the virgin land, the nominal rent, and the freedom from crushing rates and taxes weight the balance too heavily against him. He has one advantage in that he is on the spot, and so saves freightage; but if farming is to be kept alive in England the country must be prepared to pay something, though not necessarily much, *in one form or another*.

These are bed-rock facts which must be faced. Agriculture is still our greatest industry; and if it is advisable to subsidise the building trade to the extent of many millions annually, surely it is worth while to pay something to keep agriculture alive, especially as this expenditure would be speedily recouped in other ways.

I would therefore suggest that the Grain Commissioners should undertake to buy a certain proportion of corn at a fixed price for a certain period, in the ratio of *one acre o*

corn for every four acres under arable. This would allow for the four years' rotation.

The cost to the country under this scheme would not be great, for it would merely represent the difference between the market price of corn and the price at which it can be grown in England, as applied to a strictly limited area. Nevertheless, this restricted area would enable farmers to carry on arable farming otherwise than at a loss. The price of the loaf would still be considerably less than it is at present, and the gain that would accrue to the country from having a flourishing agricultural industry would greatly outweigh the cost of the scheme.

This scheme for wheat storage, which only proposes to carry out the *unanimous* suggestion of a Royal Commission, was first put forward in 1915.

The scheme was favourably noticed by authorities qualified to judge: amongst others *The Times* (February 22nd, 1915) referred to these proposals for "providing a national reserve of wheat on a sound commercial basis"; the *Liverpool Journal of Commerce* (July 21st, 1916) recognised the supreme importance of the matter to the country in general, and to Liverpool in particular, and hoped that the local representatives in Parliament would take up the proposal; the *Miller*, which for thirty years has consistently advocated the establishment of national granaries, on May 6th, 1918, said:—

> We know the importance of the subject too well not to welcome fresh suggestions in regard to it. The new idea, that of providing storage and a "Grain Warrant" system to enable Colonial wheat growers to export their crops direct to this country, to be sold at an opportune time, is a corollary to National Granaries that is worthy of special consideration. . . . . Once again we urge upon Government the importance of the whole subject.

The secretary of one of the largest Canadian grain exchanges, who is a leading authority, wrote of the scheme: "From the national standpoint it is essential. . . . England can, if she likes, be the wheat centre of the world as well as the money centre." A leading city authority wrote in similar terms.

Practical business men, Members of Parliament, newspapers, and leading Canadians have constantly and strongly urged the Government to move in the matter.

The benefits to be expected from the scheme are many:

thus, millers and bakers will have the advantage of being able to rely on obtaining delivery of the grain represented by warrants held by them as and when they require it; from the national point of view, and that of millers in particular, wheat is more important than imported flour. Merchants will enjoy greatly improved facilities for trade, from grain warrants regularly quoted and dealt with on the market, as iron warrants are now; and as the functions of the Grain Commissioners will be strictly confined to storage there is no possibility of interference with trade. Shippers will find warrants more convenient for sale through their agents than bills of lading; and the rapid loading and unloading of cargoes will reduce the charges for freight demurrage and tonnage. A large reserve of grain always in the country, and the reduction of waste to a minimum, would benefit the nation as a whole by steadying the price of breadstuffs and by increasing employment; it would also increase the supply of feeding stuffs. The establishment of a Grain Commissioners' system of elevators will provide a new and practical bond of union between this country and the Dominions, and will benefit the whole Empire by making England the centre of the world's grain trade.

The *money required* for the erection of the elevators has been offered to the Government on reasonable terms.

The scheme might be spread over several, or many, years if necessary, and would not involve the country in any great expense either now or in the future, as the Government would only be called upon to pay the interest on the capital expended, and this would be speedily recouped.

Every big scheme has its drawbacks and difficulties; but, so far as the writer is aware, only two objections have been made to this one, namely:—

1. That it would open wide the door to abuses.
2. That it is not in accordance with Free Trade principles.

Other countries have faced the first danger; and if England cannot do so we are indeed a decadent nation: the danger, in fact, is not great, while the advantages that would accrue to the country can hardly be overestimated.

As regards the second objection, nothing could be further from the truth: it has nothing whatever to do with Free Trade or Protection; and I would ask those who raise this objection to consider the scheme more carefully.

The importance of the scheme to Canada is almost as great as it is to ourselves. Canadians would therefore gladly co-operate with us in its administration.

The report of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture was issued on July 16th, 1924.

It points out that certain results must follow the abandonment or material reduction of wheat production in this country:—

1. The population will be at the mercy of the speculator, and of the international financier, as regards the price of its staple article of food;

2. The food of the people is dependent on shipping and transport services. A lock-out or strike would produce a shortage of food that would prove a great menace to the nation.

3. Without a guaranteed food supply this country is powerless in its foreign policy, and its influence in Europe is undermined.

The Committee recommended that the subject should be approached from the point of view of food shortage; and, further, that an adequate scheme for the storage of home-grown wheat would be the most effective method of counteracting any attempt to create a corner in imported breadstuffs.

From the naval point of view some form of food storage is now absolutely essential.

Dangerous as the position was before the war, it is even worse now; for, owing to the limitation of our Navy by the American Convention, it is absolutely impossible for our Navy to carry out its proper functions and to convoy food ships as well.

It is suggested that the first step should be that the Chambers of Commerce in this country and in Canada should arrange a conference to consider the question.

American Glimpses*

XI.—Two Incidents in California

By William A. Robson

Two incidents occurred while I was in California which impressed themselves indelibly on my memory illustrating significantly, as trifling occurrences often do, important facts of character and environment.

We were on board the "California Limited," almost at the beginning of the great trek eastward. The train stopped in a desultory sort of way at a little obscure wayside station among the fruit farms. My comrades and I were out on the platform of the observation coach when suddenly there appeared a group of girls: happy, charming, full of health and vigour and good looks. Through the citrus groves they came, laughing among themselves, and with their arms and aprons full of enormous ripe oranges. They saw the train, looked at us for a moment, and then started to throw the great oranges at us in a pelting stream, crying "Remember California." Some of the fruit we failed to catch, and it fell down on the rails. "Don't mind those," they cried, "there's plenty more." My mind dwelt for long on this delightful incident. It expressed not only the abundance and the natural wealth of Southern California, but also the gracious good nature, the open-handed generosity, the care-free buoyancy of those who live in the fruit-growing valleys.

At another time we were being shown round the greatest of the film studios in Los Angeles by one of the managers. The whole atmosphere was hopelessly unreal; and after a time I asked my guide, as a leading question, whether he found life in Hollywood attractive from a social point of view. "Wal," he said gravely, "there was a dinner party here the other evening, and we calculated that 72 per cent. of the most famous people in the world were present." He was so completely serious that I did not venture to ask him on what basis the "calculation" had been made. But the incident seemed to me a good example of the widespread love of Americans for statistical information; of their endeavours to express in quantitative form that which can only be expressed qualitatively in language beyond the scope of mathematics.

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Pirandello

HENRY THE FOURTH. (Everyman Theatre.)

With a word on the Censor

By Horace Shipp

AT the August lull in theatrical production, and in view of the inclusion in Miss Sybil Arundale's Everyman season of Pirandello's *Henry the Fourth*, and of Nigel Playfair's forthcoming production of *Right You Are*, we take the opportunity of considering just what is the contribution to European drama of this Italian, whose work has leapt to a foremost place in the continental theatres. *Henry the Fourth* offers an excellent starting point for such a consideration, for it contains in itself the basic reason for Pirandello's appeal and a characteristically intellectual theme. The story is not difficult in the main. A young Italian nobleman has been thrown from his horse whilst taking part in a pageant as Henry the Fourth, and has sustained injury to his brain, which leaves him believing that he is Henry. The obsession is encouraged; the entourage of Henry is built up around him, retainers are provided, and the whole life of the historic character is played day by day on his behalf. At the rise of the curtain this condition of things has operated for eighteen years, and the play concerns itself with the coming to his castle of a group of visitors, including the mistress of the days of his sanity, her lover, and her daughter. They, too, play their parts; disguised to meet the unreal situation. As the play proceeds we find that for more than six years Henry has been actually sane, accepting the play-acting of his existence because it has become more static, more enduring than the life which he has renounced. A doctor-psychologist with the party, believing that the illusion is wearing thin, decides that a mental shock will effect a cure, and arranges a moment when the portrait niches containing pictures of the Countess and Henry shall be taken by two of the visitors, and that they shall confront

him just as the disguised Countess enters. Thus Henry in face of this duplication of persons from his life illusion will break the spell. In fact, under the strain of the visit of his former lady and the jealousy occasioned by seeing her with her lover, he has another outburst of temporary insanity, in which he kills her lover, so closing upon himself the possibility of returning to normal life, and turning back to the world of illusion.

Thus narrated it might really prove to be rather a study in mental gymnastics which the detractors of Pirandello assert—a kind of modernized Hamlet, where the problem of madness and sanity, of reality and illusion, is carried to its remotest point of inquiry. The fluctuations of madness, the elimination or arbitrary arrangements of time and fact, keep our minds pinned to the subtle movement of the drama. The weakness of the play also lies here, for even Pirandello is rather beaten by the complications of his material, and a good deal of the first act is taken up with explanation and exposition, which fails in dramatic value. Drama cannot live by intellect alone. When the Italian company gave us the piece earlier in the year the tendency was to emphasize this intellectuality and to make of the plays Chinese puzzles, which provided a thrill from the fitting together of their varied motives. In the hands of A. E. Filmer, as producer at the Everyman, with Ernest Milton in the title rôle, this tendency was ably corrected. Mr. Milton has proved before that he is a Pirandello actor; he obviously has that sympathy with the dramatist which makes for right interpretation. In *Henry the Fourth* he gave every consideration to the mental value of the piece, and yet played it with every ounce of its emotional import. Perhaps it is that Ernest Milton has a *penchant* for a type of emotional theatricalism which one associates with people like Irving, and which finds correction in the material provided by Pirandello. He made the tragedy of Henry's loneliness, the tragedy of his sterile life, the tragedy of his mental exile, a touching and a moving thing. It was a splendid study of as fine a part as any actor could wish. In the support which he had he was not fortunate, although here, perhaps, the dramatist is to blame, for the play is a one-man show, and most of

the other characters are very sketchy. The Countess, who should be "in the round" failed to convince as played by Nancy Price, but it would have needed very skilful work to live up to the sweep of Mr. Milton's playing in this piece. The small stage of the Everyman also cramped the production, and with the kindest tolerance towards modern art, I cannot but feel that Henry would have been very mad indeed if he thought Mr. McKnight Kauffer's portraits in the niches had any resemblance to the people who emerged from them.

The same values with regard to the intellectual and the emotional applied to the Italian production of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and the one we remember by the Stage Society. The father in the Italian company was played with enormous emphasis, but Frank Dyall's performance brought out the real pathos of the part. The essence of Pirandello's art lies in the idea that nothing is, but thinking makes it so. Yet to regard his plays merely as studies in the accidents and incidents of psychology is to consider the surface and the machinery and miss their psychic movement. Tragedy and comedy, the deep pity and significant fervour and the cleansing laughter of life are born of these, and it is to these more important matters that the mind-dramas of Pirandello point the way.

He is concerned, too, with the omnipresent question of personality, and uses in his work the fact that this is not so static a quality as the literature and drama of the past would have us assume. Almost every new influence which enters a life entails subtle adjustments of the personality upon which they bear. In extreme cases, such as that of the woman in *Naked*, we see her making these adjustments, changing so easily to the direction dictated by circumstance that at last her real self becomes the illusion. Again the philosophical aspect of the play pales before the tragedy of the spirit of this woman who clings so desperately to any untruth which gives her a place among people, and that of the artist who so whole-heartedly accepts her in one of her phases. If the philosophic students of Benedetto Croce and of Bergson find in Pirandello abstract problems, that is no reason why the rest of us should not appreciate the absolute

dramatic value which he gets from the presentation of their postulates.

It is this latter flesh-and-blood drama which is giving him a place, such as no abstraction could ensure him. We are moved by *The Man with the Flower in His Mouth*, not because of the psychological conception of the doomed man grasping at impersonal details because these are not bound up with his own fleeting life, but by the pathos of that universal tragedy presented afresh by this means.

On the basis of a stage knowledge of only three of Pirandello's plays, and a reading of the two volumes issued by Messrs. Dent, I still believe *Six Characters* to be Pirandello's finest work. It is a thousand pities that this play—one of the greatest ever written—should be under the ban of the censor, and news reaches the remote villa in France from which I write that a play by Eugene O'Neill has also been refused. I do not know *Desire under the Elms*, but it is unlikely that so fine and sincere a dramatist as O'Neill would produce a work of art which could be harmful; and it becomes paradoxical that we first leave unchallenged a host of minor pieces of varying degrees of naughtiness and salaciousness until there is something like a public outcry, and then visit the iniquities of these writers upon artists of the stature of Pirandello and O'Neill. It is a declaration that we relegate the subject of sex to smoking-room stories and boudoir intimacies; in serious discussion it is banned. This arbitrary exercise of the censorship makes our theatre a laughing-stock in intellectual circles at home and abroad, and makes ridiculous an institution which, with intelligence and good taste, could be a help in the theatre. "Je comprends tout, mais il y a des choses qui me dégoûtent," Anatole France makes one of his characters say, and when the censorship can thus differentiate it will serve art instead of failing it.

Portraits and Criticisms by Peter E. Wright

(Eveleigh Nash and Grayson. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

Reviewed by A. A. B.

MR. PETER WRIGHT is nothing if not pert; but when he deals with persons and things which he has seen or known at first hand he is pertinent, and shrewd. When he writes of people he has never seen, and about whom his information can only be hearsay of the fourth and fifth degree, he is impertinent, though his present scrape seems to me laughable. In his essay on Lord Cecil, which is an elaborate sneer at the assumption of moral and intellectual superiority by the Cecil family, Mr. Wright accuses Gladstone and the majority of the Liberal Party of secret sexual vice. This is an accusation not wanting in width, which the writer calls a tradition. I should have called it a prejudice, which I thought Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George had done their best to dispel. But the sting of the passage appears to lie in the statement that the late illustrious statesman was the founder of the tradition. The founders of a tradition never, or hardly ever, practise its precepts; they leave that to their followers. Moses did not, one supposes, practise the regulations of Deuteronomy. Mahomet did not turn to polygamy until his old age; in the earlier and better part of his life he was faithful to his wealthy wife. St. Simon, the father of modern Communism, was a spendthrift and a speculator. Marx, the idol of modern Socialists, denounced capitalists as parasites, and was himself the most odious kind of parasite, sponging for his livelihood on another German Jew, Engels, who wrung a capitalist fortune out of Lancashire cotton mills. On the whole, I should have thought the Gladstone family might have smiled at the boyish recklessness of Mr. Peter Wright. Lord! how lacking in the sense of humour are educated Englishmen!

I hold no brief for Mr. Peter Wright, whom I do not know, but I should be sorry if the clutter over an ill-mannered blunder should divert the public attention from the real merit of the book before me. As I respect the intelligence of Mr. Wright, I shall take the liberty of advising him, if he really wishes to pursue the trade of a journalist, or an author, never to believe in future the club or table talk of men about one another, and to realize the truth of Jowett's aphorism, that there is a great deal of hard lying in the world amongst people whose character it is impossible to suspect.

In writing about the genesis of the war, and the Peace Conference of Versailles, the author is treating of matters of which he is personally cognizant, and of which *pars parva fuit*. With the substance of his chapters on Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, I find myself in agreement. Few now deny that if the British Government had declared, even a week earlier, their determination to maintain the neutrality of Belgium, there would have been no war. The authority of Karl Kautsky, a publicist, who was turned loose into the archives of the German Foreign Office after the war, is conclusive. "No threat, no display of England's might, was required to stop Germany." The receipt of a telegram from Lichnowsky a week before the declaration of war, repeating Sir Edward Grey's mild and ambiguous remark that "in certain circumstances the British Government might find itself forced to take rapid decisions," threw the German Emperor and his Chancellor into a fever. A telegram was immediately dispatched in the middle of the night to the German Ambassador in Vienna, bidding him reverse engines, stop Austria, and accept Grey's offer of mediation. But of course everything was a few hours too late. The President of the French Republic sent a pathetic telegram to the King of England three days before our ultimatum to Germany, imploring him to say whether he was going to assist France or remain neutral. King George could only reply in vague terms that his Government had not yet made up their minds. Who is to blame for the fact that a great power like England had no decided European policy until after the Belgium frontier had been actually crossed? Mr. Asquith, as the Prime Minister, must bear the chief blame; but

some of it must be shared by the dull and docile Sir Edward Grey who, for years before the war had enveloped himself in vague phrases and haughty reserve. Lord Haldane, who has been the most blamed, was in reality the least culpable, for he told the Cabinet all he knew about Berlin in a circulated Minute, and it was not his fault if the members of the Cabinet omitted to read it. Mr. Asquith's conduct of the first two years of the war can best be judged by his chairmanship of the War Council. During the most critical period of the land attack at Gallipoli, after the naval attack had failed, while the fiery youth of our Empire was being slaughtered, the War Council was not convened by Mr. Asquith for a period of eight weeks. Even the Royal Commission mildly observed that the Prime Minister ought to have summoned a meeting of the War Council. It is hardly surprising that in December, 1916, the Coalition Cabinet, which Mr. Asquith had himself created, should have told him to go, though I do not share the surprise of Mr. Wright that in this eviction Lord Balfour, the lifelong friend of Mrs. Asquith and her husband, took the lead. I agree that the Mr. Asquith of the war was a shadow of his former self, a mere frontage, behind which there was neither the foresight to anticipate events, nor the will to mould them. There must have been, undoubtedly, some deep-seated, powerful, sapping agency at work; what was it? Some people would say that the middle-class lawyer had found his Capua in London society; in other words, that "he couldn't stand the corn." Others may find the explanation in the subsequent chapter on "Mrs. Asquith and her Times."

With regard to the Versailles Peace Conference, where Mr. Wright was employed in a subordinate and confidential capacity, the old cynic Clémenceau hit the nail on the head when he said that the European chaos was the result of "childish Anglo-Saxon fancies." Never certainly was the vile body of Europe dissected by more amateurish surgeons. But were not both the Germans and the French deceived? The Germans in asking for an armistice expected to get Wilson's fourteen points, including "no annexations and no indemnity." They did not get them. The French, in agreeing to the Treaty, expected

to get a triple defensive alliance with England and America. They did not get it. I did not know until I read this book that those complacent prigs, the Knights of the *Round Table*, had played such an important part in the making of history. According to Mr. Wright the directors of Mr. Lloyd George's diplomacy and his political conscience, were his solemn English magazine journalists, Mr. Philip Kerr, Sir Edward Grigg, and, I presume, Mr. Lionel Curtis. This fact, if it be one, is quite enough to explain the ludicrous failure of the vagabond diplomacy of Mr. Lloyd George and his Cabinet secretariat. There is little doubt, not only on the authority of Mr. Wright, but on the graver assertion of Mr. Arnold Toynbee, that the attack of the Greeks upon the Turks at the moment when the Allies were trying to negotiate a peace with Turkey, was inspired directly or indirectly by Mr. Lloyd George.

The analysis of Socialism in the Essay on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is very clever. The titular leader of the Socialist Party is the incarnation of inconsistency. Any doctrine, he tells us, may be accepted in a general and abstract way, yet the necessities of the case compel us to modify it. Under the shelter of such an axiom a politician may do anything he pleases. Mr. Wright exposes incisively the fundamental fallacy of Socialism, which proposes to give us a "functional society where the performance of service is to be substituted for the acquisition of gain." The celebrated American philosopher, William James, seriously proposed that young Americans should substitute social service in cleansing sewers for the excitement of money making and the glory of war. The truth is that there are certain callings and professions, such as Science, Art, Literature, Law, in which educated men will work for intellectual interest, or humanitarian zeal, with small, or no remuneration. But no one will sell milk, or make bricks or shoes, or sweep the street, except for cash. And that is the absurdity of saying that a scavenger and a law lord, because equally necessary, are equally honourable. The author touches lightly but deftly upon the well-known foible of all Labour leaders, when they arrive at office and wealth, to do the same things which they denounce in their opponents. Mr. Arthur Henderson was the first Socialist to reach Cabinet

rank, and was the first Labour leader to send his son to Oxford.

Mr. Wright penetrates the character of Mr. Winston Churchill with friendly spear-point. Mr. Churchill is, indeed, "a professional rhetorician," with an artistic feeling for language akin to that of the musician for sound and the artist for colour. Indeed, Mr. Churchill, in his rare moments of unemployment, paints pictures. From whom did he derive his artistic sense? Not from his father, who was rather a brutal realist. The failures at Antwerp and Gallipoli, though admitted to be missed gambles, are not censured very severely, because "the Allied system of war was to have no system at all, and he did what everyone else did; if he was not better he was certainly not worse." Difficulties, our author tells us, do not exist for Mr. Churchill; "everything seems easy, however technical, even the command of combined naval and military forces, because there is nothing except words in which he has ever acquired technical accomplishment, certainly not in practical affairs, and not even in a subject so little exacting as history." That is rather damning. Mr. Wright is afraid that Mr. Churchill will never get rid of the stigma of Gallipoli, but offers him as compensation the greater fame of literature. Lord Birkenhead has undoubtedly "the disadvantage of egregious ability," and has managed to combine successfully the parts of lawyer, politician, and journalist. My space will only allow me to quote two of Mr. Wright's epigrams on this tempting subject. "The members of the great mass of peers are as unequally matched with a leader of the Bar as a domestic cat would be with a Bengal tiger." The ex-Lord Chancellor is not popular with all the members of his party, but unlike Brougham, with whom he is sometimes compared, he is perfectly loyal to his colleagues and personal friends. "It may safely be predicted that the Conservatives will never be able to do with or without Lord Birkenhead."

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

LIFE'S LITTLE LAUGHS. By MELESINA SETON CHRISTOPHER. Longmans. 5s. 6d. net.

This delightful book is a string of pearls, some gathered from the *Cornhill*, the *Spectator*, the *Times*, the *National Review* and other publications to which Mrs. Seton Christopher had been an occasional contributor. Many have not hitherto been published.

Notwithstanding its joyous title and the vivacity of its style, it will bring the sad reflection to her many friends that it contains the last of these sprightly essays in miniature from her pen, and all who read her book will count themselves her friends. For, in addition to a keen sense of humour, insight into human nature, and a gift of felicitous expression, she was full of gracious sympathy for all those, young or old, rich or poor, who had suffered from any of the slings and arrows of this hard world.

Before her death in May, 1924, she had planned the book and written an introduction to it. In her own words:

> "Mankind alone is endowed with the gift of joyous laughter. . . . The little things that give us cause for laughter lie about us on all sides. Like gossamer strands, they catch the eye here and there and float in and out of life's more serious demands. . . . In some of these pages I have tried to catch a few of the bright strands that have danced round my own path, hoping that there may be some glad to have a few of these sayings and stories thus captured, and who will be ready to laugh a little with me."

Whether she was writing of the elfish humour of small children, the drollery of cockneys and charwomen, the dumb appeal of animal friends, the pleasures and adventures of travel in Europe or in Kashmir, the charms of Chelsea, or the gardens of London, Mrs. Christopher had the gift of crystallizing in a few pages a perfect little word-cameo of the subject—discerning, graceful, and witty. One of our greatest writers has described her book as "a lasting memorial of her mind, wit, and wisdom."

When doctors classify the psychological aids to convalescence from bodily ills, *Life's Little Laughs* will surely be included as one of the mental equivalents of chicken and champagne. Each short essay is a pleasant tonic, stimulating the desire for more, and thus restoring that savour of life which is such a powerful aid in saving it. Mrs. Seton Christopher might well, indeed, have dedicated her book to those in need of such encouragement, for with them her sympathy was unfailing.

I deeply regret that I was not privileged to include her name amongst the contributors to THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

ERNEST REMNANT.

BOOKS.

SCIENCE.

THE RIDDLE OF THE EARTH. By APPIAN WAY. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

WE have heard of pills for earthquakes, but that earthquakes are caused by pills—very large pills, which need some effort to swallow, is a new idea to us and to the scientific world. However, to banish flippancy in the consideration of a seriously advanced theory, with much carefully collected evidence to support it, let us concede that many unexplained and apparently inexplicable phenomena seem to fit in with Appian Way's bold hypothesis. Briefly put, the author advances the concept that volcanoes are meteoric in origin and have the property of attracting fragments of broken up comets and other asteroids which stream past our earth from a well-defined direction. That tidal waves, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, typhoons, wind and torrential rains are caused by these extra terrestrial interferences. That the most ancient astronomical theories and their mystical schoes in religions support this thesis; and that whilst catastrophic in effect, these impacts are actually fertile sources of life and of new elements, possibly helpful in human development, and certainly, evidences of continued vitality on mother earth.

For the great ice ages or drifts he substitutes a colossal bombardment in what is now the Northern hemisphere, with accretions that added to our weight the equivalent in orbital time of five and a quarter days, raised the Atlantic waters sufficiently to swamp Atalantis out of existence. Put thus this may seem a wild and negligible imagining, but those who read all the evidence, geological, traditional, and historical, will find Appian Way's theory based upon a great deal of solid reason, the considered outcome of an attempt to harmonize a great many apparently conflicting scientific facts into a theory of world life acceptable to the unprejudiced mind. At the very least a stimulating confrontation of many outworn scientific dogmas.

POLITICS.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CANNING, 1822–1827. By HAROLD TEMPERLEY. C. G. Bell and Sons. 25s.

THE Reader in Modern History at Cambridge has long been known as the leading authority on Canning, if his present work has not the same amount of novelty as the treatise of Professor Webster on Castlereagh's Foreign Policy (recently noticed in THE ENGLISH REVIEW). "The Foreign Policy of Canning" equals its predecessor in every other element of attractiveness. The greatness of the man emerges as well as that of the Foreign Secretary, and the lighter aspects of the subject, are by no means lost sight of in the masterly exposition of policy. In the frontispiece, Lawrence shows Canning making his great speech of December 12, 1826, before the House of Commons, when he gave forth his famous utterance about calling the New World into being to redress the balance of the Old.

The book is founded mainly upon unpublished material in public archives, but is supplemented from contemporary private papers, including the Diary of the Princess Lieven, long supposed to have been

lost. The author has had the assistance, not only of the leading British experts, but also of American, Portuguese, and South American scholars, so that his work may be said to possess something like an international *cachet*. It is very fully documented, the appendices containing the full texts of Canning's most important dispatches and his famous Portugal speech, as well as other notable diplomatic matter.

Readers who do not desire to enter into the work in full detail may be advised to begin with the second chapter describing Canning's political position and standpoint at the time when he took up Castlereagh's work as Foreign Secretary, and to continue with a special study of Parts III and V, dealing with his American policy and his situation as Foreign Minister. They can then conclude with Part VIII, "The Triumphs and Legacy of Canning," the two final chapters which describe his successful struggle for the Premiership, and the brief period during which he enjoyed it, with the concluding summary of his "System of Policy." But a previous perusal of similar portions of Professor Webster's Castlereagh monograph is desirable for a real appreciation even of this selection. It will be seen that Canning and Castlereagh were at one in steadily refusing to extend England's commitments from a general upholding of the post-Napoleonic settlement to a bolstering-up of despotic dynasties on the one hand, or the promotion of liberal constitutions as such, on the other. They differed only as to methods, Castlereagh preferring to rely upon his personal influence with foreign statesmen, Canning leaning on the force of public opinion enlightened by the timely publication of dispatches and treaties, and by his own trenchant speeches. The latter was the first of British ministers to address public meetings. The policy of both was one of balance and non-intervention guided mainly by the commercial interests of England. The passage printed in block capitals in Mr. Temperley's extract from what he terms Canning's political testament (delivered to his cousin, Stratford-Canning, and taken from the private papers of the great ambassador) would not have appealed to his disciple, the Liberal-Jingo, Palmerston: "Not on the other hand, a British interest to have Free States established on the Continent. Much better and more convenient for us to have neighbours, whose institutions cannot be compared with ours in point of freedom." Even the freedom of Greece, which the Turks attributed to the two Cannings, even the recognition of the South American republics, were in no way promoted as ends in themselves, but only as conducive to the general interests of Great Britain and Europe. Canning might be a revolutionist to Metternich, but that he was no more a Nationalist crusader than Castlereagh himself is shown in Mr. Temperley's vindication of him against Grey's attack. But though he did not believe in conducting a foreign policy on abstract principles, he did believe in having public opinion behind him, and did not, like his predecessor, seek to ignore or blind it. To a certain extent then he believed in open diplomacy, though scarcely in the worst sense. As to Canning's reputation as an intriguer (which alienated Wellington and others) Mr. Temperley's considered opinion is that, at least, in the final phase of his career, he was more sinned against than sinning.

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A White Australia

By W. W. Ogden

(On Page 457)

Empire Notes

THE situation in regard to Empire Settlement cannot be described as satisfactory. Up to the end of June last only 109,022 British settlers had gone oversea under the provisions of the Empire Settlement Act of 1922, by which the British Government offered to devote up to £3,000,000 each year in co-operation on a pound for pound basis with Dominion governments and recognized organizations engaged in migration activities. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the cause must be sought oversea rather than in this country. The political opposition of Labour in the Dominions and the super-eclecticism displayed by the latter in selecting settlers, of which Mr. Thomas complained in the House of Commons during the debate on the Colonial Office Estimates, are, perhaps, the two principal factors which have restricted the flow of people from the British Isles to the empty spaces oversea. A third reason which is by no means negligible is the lack of adaptability of a large proportion of the spoon-fed generation that has been produced by the social legislation of the present century. The proportion of failures is much too large, and those who fail to make good do a

Empire Settlement

great deal of harm to the cause of Empire Settlement, not only in the country to which they go, by prejudicing local opinion against British settlers, but also in their native land, to which they bring back or send discouraging tales of hardship and disillusionment.

Position Oversea

In Canada and Australia, the two Dominions which ought by reason of their size and present population to absorb the main streams of migrants, the present position is far from good. Canada is in urgent need of a much larger population to enable it to carry the burden of the immense railway mileage that was constructed before the war on the assumption that the rate of immigration that was then in progress would be maintained. Since the war the population of the Dominion has been practically stationary, such immigration as has taken place having been practically neutralized by losses resulting from the southward drain to the United States. It is pleasing to note that Sir Henry Thornton, the president of the Canadian National Railways, has recently stated that substantial progress had been made between the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways towards the abolition of formality and red tape in bringing settlers from the British Isles and the United States, and has expressed the belief that a year would see a great acceleration of immigration and an increase of prosperity. The wheat crop prospects appear to be reasonably satisfactory, and if fair prices are obtained this should go a long way towards improving the prospect of Canada again absorbing something like the pre-war quota of British settlers. It is, unfortunately, difficult to share to the full Mr. Amery's optimism regarding the success of the latest agreement with the Australian Government under which it is hoped to settle 450,000 British people in Australia within the next ten years. The action of the new Labour Government of New South Wales in cancelling the arrangement under which 200 unmarried farm labourers left this country each month for that State is symptomatic of the attitude of Australian labour to immigration, and with five States governed by Labour and a distinct possibility that the coming federal elections will place Labour in control of the national administration the chances in favour of realization of the plan arranged with the Bruce Government are not rosy. Mr. Ogden, in

the article entitled "A White Australia," which appears in this issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, attributes the failure to people Australia more rapidly to the Protectionist policy followed by the Commonwealth. Yet, without that policy, it is doubtful whether Australia would be able to find employment for even its present population. Assuming that all the Australians now engaged in industrial undertakings were agriculturists, can it be held with certainty that there would be an external market for their produce at remunerative prices? New Zealand is a pleasing contrast to the other Dominions in its attitude towards settlement, and the people of this Dominion seem ready to increase the number of settlers to be received, but its powers of absorption are necessarily much more limited than those of Canada and Australia.

Dominions and Foreign Policy

AN interesting reference to the advantages that have been derived from the appointment by the Australian Government of a liaison officer residing in London, whose duties are to maintain close contact between the British and Commonwealth Governments by keeping the latter supplied with information, was made by Mr. Amery during the Colonial Office Vote debate. The Secretary of State for the Dominions and Colonies said that the Australian liaison officer had been of great service to his Prime Minister, and added that the British Government were equally willing to give the same facilities to any responsible representative whom any other Dominion might wish to appoint for similar purposes. Note appears to have been taken of this development in Canada and the Montreal *Star* observes that Mr. Bruce appears to have solved the problem of how to enable the overseas Dominions to play a real part in the guidance of the Empire's world policy. It adds that there is no reason why Australians should monopolize the benefits, Britain's foreign policy being as much a matter of life and death interest to Canadians as it is to Australians. When the appointment of the Australian liaison officer was first announced some months ago we expressed the opinion that it might prove that a solution of the problem of how to associate the Dominions effectively with the direction of Imperial foreign policy would be found on these lines, and in view of the satisfactory experience since acquired it is possible that the other Dominions will decide to follow Australia's lead.

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Just beyond Capetown—about half an hour by train along the coast—lies Muizenberg, with its magnificent stretch of beach and golden sands, where some of the best surf-riding in the world can be had. This is the gayest resort along the Cape coast, and is most popular with up-country visitors, who hold high holiday there during the summer season when the spirit of carnival is abroad. A little farther on is the more restful St. James's, which snuggles into the mountain like a child lying in its mother's arms, while a short distance separates that resort from Kalk Bay, which is a favoured haunt of those devoted to fishing. At the Majestic Hotel, Kalk Bay, fashionable folk congregate in the season, preferring to stay there and to motor into Capetown for entertainments. A charming walk along the shore, with the Twelve Apostles frowning or smiling above, as shade follows sunshine, and the Devil's Peak in the distance, brings one to the old-fashioned one-time fishing village of Fish Hoek, which is now a favourite holiday resort for materfamilias, as the sands are so safe for children. Pretty little bungalows

and cottages are dotted along the side of the mountain, and some beautiful houses, with charming grounds and gardens, gay with vivid-hued flowers along the coast, where wealthy Capetonians make their homes.

The visitor, of course, must motor to Cape Point, which is the most wonderful marine motor drive in the world—about one hundred miles the round trip—and in doing so he will see the magnificent panorama of sea and sky and mountain, with the resorts on the other side of the bay, such as Camp's Bay, Seapoint, Hout's Bay, all of which are overlooking the ocean, as if they had their feet in the sea. Simonstown, which is almost journey's end, is the port from which the Prince sailed in the *Repulse* for St. Helena the other day, when he said good-bye to South Africa. Were it not so important as the South African Naval Station, Simonstown would be still noteworthy on account of its exquisite setting and surroundings, which, unfortunately, lack of space prevents me describing more fully.

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A White Australia

By W. W. Ogden

MR. ST. LEDGER, in the March number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, has an article entitled "A White Australia." Mr. Eggleston's article on the same subject I did not see.

We all agree that we want a white population only in Australia.

There is only one obstacle in the way of realizing this ideal. But for that obstacle twenty to twenty-five million whites could be and would have spread over Australia, and half its population would not be confined to half a dozen big cities to-day.

The block is caused by the people as a whole, and by our politicians in particular, refusing to face economic laws, which work as surely as other natural laws. If they are flouted the end is disaster. It is all very well for our public men, our writers, our lecturers, and our "globe-trotters" to proclaim from the house-tops that we must keep Australia "white," that we must people the empire, that millions of money must be lent, or given, to us to develop and make ready the land for settlers. But all of these refuse to get down to "bed rock" as to the cause why Australia is not peopled to-day.

Mr. St. Ledger, in his last paragraph, vaguely hints that there is a cause but, like others, he will not handle it.

The federal governments, both labour and nationalist, ever since the inception of federation, have legislated in favour of the cities, and industrialism at the expense of the country.

The proof of that is in the size of the city population compared with the country population. Sydney has practically half the population of New South Wales within her boundary; Melbourne the same. Perth, at the last census, had taken the whole of the increase of population in Western Australia, and three thousand from the country as well, in the ten years.

The obstacle in the way of Australia's full development, of Australia supporting easily many millions of white people, of her becoming a great and mighty country is the Customs tariff and the whole incidence of taxation falling wholly on the man on the land.

A white Australia can only be realized by settlers on the land, and this will never be so long as the present policy of protection is followed. Abolish protection, put a revenue tariff in its place, and prosperity will follow, as night follows day.

I would ask these gentlemen who write and lecture, have they farmed on average lands over a period of twenty years? If they have, then at least during the last ten they must be aware of the costs of making and working that farm, and that it would be impossible to succeed unless they have worked twelve and fourteen hours a day, year in, year out, against city hours of eight a day.

The cost of production, putting on one side living expenses, which are 50 per cent. over pre-war, has more than doubled, and values of wheat and wool are now practically normal. Can we expect newcomers to come and fight an impossible battle under present conditions, made so by a ferocious tariff?

Ever since 1914 the secondary or manufacturing industries have been sheltered by protection, the weight of which was never imposed on any other country, and to-day, although the tariff was to make an "Eldorado" of Australia, thousands of men are walking the streets of Sydney and Melbourne looking for work.

Australia has her choice, a white Australia or high protection. She cannot have both. At present she chooses protection.

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